The WAR CRY

Are you helping to make Christmas happy for someone ?

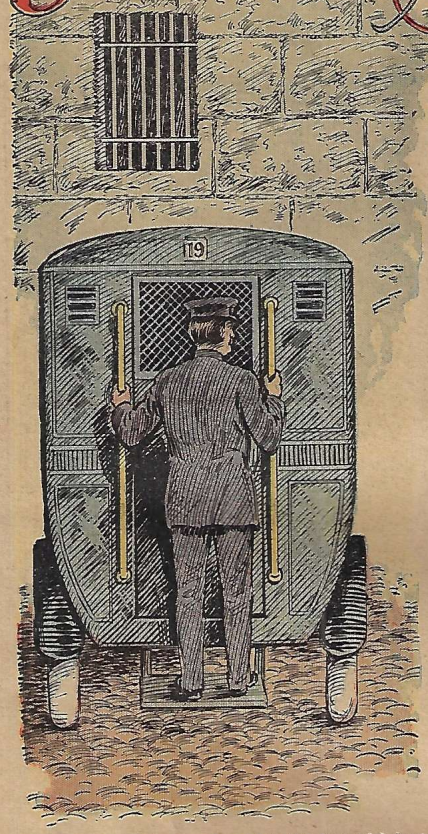
Christmas Number-1926

This is the Spirit of Christmas as Exemplified by the Salvation Army

THE SALVATION
LIEUT. COMMISSIONER
AND
MRS. McMILLAN
THE
TERRITORIAL
COMMANDER
FOR THE
CENTRAL
U·S·A·
TERRITORY

BEHIND GRAY STONES AND BARRED WINDOWS

A Story of a Sorrowful Christmas Eve as Told by Mrs. Colonel Damon



The police patrol wagon in which the four girl dope addicts were conveyed to the jail.

COOK COUNTY JAIL, Chicago, is a dark, forbidding looking structure. With its heavily barred windows, steep escarps and guarded doorways, it presents a very grim exterior. Dante's phrase, "Abandon hope all ye who enter here,," comes instinctively to one who gazes at its massive frontage. But in reality hope need not be abandoned for each Sunday morning a number of Salvationists present themselves at the entrance to the cells and listen to the grating of keys and the swinging open of iron doors as they make their way to the bull pen. And there, to those behind the bars they make known in song and speech the Christ Who the prisoners' fetters breaks. This is done in one hundred and ninety-nine jails and penitentiaries in the Central Territory.

Not only are these institutions visited on Sundays, but also on regular days during the week, and Mrs. Colonel Damon and Mrs. Major Habkirk are the very diligent and greatly appreciated visitors at both Cook County Jail and the Joliet Penitentiary. It was shortly after Christmas, 1925, that Mrs. Damon beguiled the tedium of a long railway journey by narrating to me the facts concerning a visit to Cook County Jail and its sequel as set forth in the following story:

CHAPTER I.
THE POLICE RAID

ON JANUARY 4 of this year I went to the jail and after having spoken to some of the male inmates, and visited some of the women, the matron, a splendid person who is intensely interested in the temporal and spiritual welfare of those under her care, said to me, "Mrs. Damon, there is a sick girl here who is not going to live. I should very much like you to see her."

"I shall be very pleased to do so," I said. "Can you take me to her?"

"Yes," said the matron, and she took me to a small hospital in which lay a young woman who was one of four girls who had been taken in a raid on a disreputable house. It was easy to see that she was a drug addict. The glassy eyes, the pallid, drawn face, now free from powder and rouge, and the aimless stare, made her appear really ghastly. Yet she gave evidence of once having possessed great physical attractiveness. But now she was a sight almost to affright one. She lay on a narrow bed on which she tossed about in paroxysms of pain, despair and disease. Her loose, long dark hair flew about with every movement. She seemed to be in agony of mind. As soon as we entered the room—I was accompanied by two other officers, Mrs. Major Habkirk and Mrs. Adjutant Laurie—she recognized the uniform and almost screamed the words, "Pray! Pray!"

We knelt by the side of the unhappy young woman, for she was but twenty-one. I took her thin, clammy hand in mine and then we prayed for her and talked to her. We sang the old song, "Just as I Am." It seemed to soothe her.

"Now, you come to Christ in the way of the song," I said.

She repeated the words with profound feeling.

"Just—as—I—am—without—one—plea."

"Does Jesus forgive?" I asked.

"Yes! Yes!" she gasped.

We prayed again, gave her further counsel and felt that we could only leave her in the hands of God. However, she gave clear evidence that she had approached Christ with a penitent heart, and trusted Him to save her soul.

Shortly after we left, the doctor pronounced her to be very far gone, with tuberculosis. She was then discharged from the jail, and in an ambulance was taken to one hospital after another, each rejecting her until after a peremptory notice from the police she was taken into the County Hospital. Two days later she died.

Her parents lived in a nice house in Chicago. But—

"O it was pitiful
Near a whole cityful,
Home she had none."

Why, I was soon to know.

CHAPTER II.
THE WEDDING—AND AFTER.

MOLLY FLAHERTY was a winsome Chicago girl of Irish parentage and just eighteen when she married Petro Salvador whose parents hailed from sunny Italy.

Molly's father held a good position in the City Hall and had a very comfortable home. Molly had no sisters and only one young brother. The union was regarded with a degree of favor by the parents of the girl, although her mother thought she was rather young. Still, they were of the same religion, and that had considerable weight with Mr. Flaherty, who was a rigid Catholic and held strictly by the tenets of his church.

As for the young people themselves, religion of any kind did not enter very largely into their lives. They lived to have a "good time," and in a very short period the pleasure that they found in each other turned to Dead Sea apples.

One day Molly came home and told her mother a sad story. She and her husband had tired of each other; and, as is so often the case in these days of jazzy and unholy pleasures, they had resolved to take their case to the divorce court.

"But what will your father say?" asked Molly's mother in tones of alarm. "You know the church is against divorces, and he will be very angry if you do such a thing. He will never agree to it."

"Well, I can't help that, mother," replied Molly, "I've got my life to live, and if Dad doesn't agree to it, I'm sorry. But it is my funeral."

Mrs. Flaherty was ill at ease when her husband came home that evening. There was something on her mind, and her husband could see it.

"What is the matter, mother?" he asked. "Something's troubling you, I can see."

"Well, father, Molly's been home today, and"—then she told him the whole story.

The effect was like the match to the powder keg. Michael Flaherty flared up more bitterly than even Mrs. Flaherty had feared.

"If she does such a disgraceful thing," he said, "she shall not longer be a daughter of mine; and no more shall she come into this house when I am around."

Mrs. Flaherty was almost distracted. She dearly loved her daughter, and knew that her hsuband was a man of his word.

She pleaded with Molly to make up with her husband and keep away from the divorce court, but in vain, and in due time "whom God had joined together" with all the rites and ceremonies of the church, man had "put asunder" with the machinery of the divorce court.

Molly by her father was disowned and forbidden her home.

Things did not go well with Molly. Her health was not good, and she had recourse to aspirins to ease her complaint. Then she took to using drugs and went down socially. She went down until she peddled dope among the denizens of the underworld.

The atmosphere of the night club, jazzy dance hall, and the roadhouse is very unhealthy both for body and soul.

This Molly was proving as many other had proved.

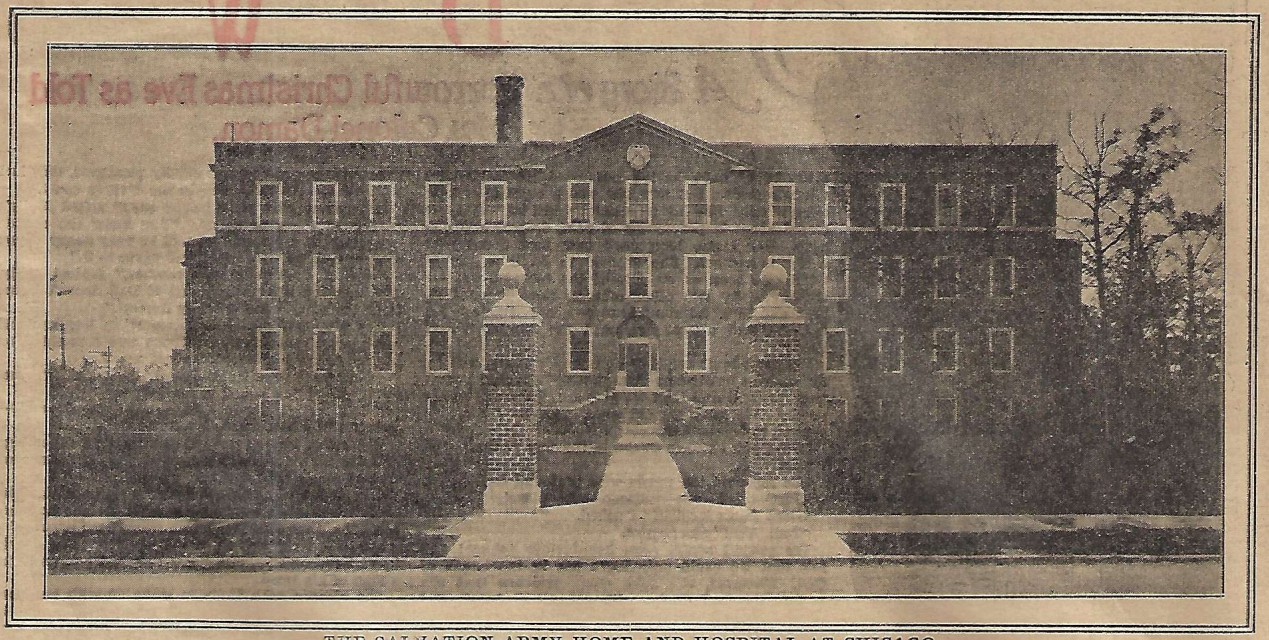
CHAPTER III.
CHRISTMAS EVE AND MOLLY.

IT WAS Christmas eve. In the Flaherty home, mother and Mike, Junior, were busily engaged in decorating the Christmas tree. Mike was eleven and

(Continued on Page 9.)

"Mother and brother did what they could to make the evening pleasant for the outcast one."

THE WORK OF A WOMAN'S HOME AND HOSPITAL



THE SALVATION ARMY HOME AND HOSPITAL AT CHICAGO.

By COLONEL BOND

A FEW SUNDAYS ago as I strode up the approach to the Women's Home and Hospital at Chicago I stopped and took in the surroundings. It was a delightful Sabbath afternoon in early October. The westering sun threw golden shafts along the emerald lawn on my left, while on my right its rays flickered among the yellow, copper and crimson foliage that yet remained on the great trees of the forest preserve which come close up to the eastern wing. The building itself, as will be seen by the photograph, is impressive in its simple dignity and excellent proportions.

On entering the building I was conducted to the reception room, for I was to address the inmates who had assembled for their usual Sunday afternoon meeting. It was also a welcome home meeting to Staff-Captain Thomas, the matron, who had been furloughing in California. Lieut.-Colonel Cowden, the Territorial Secretary for the Women's Social Service work, presided. The officers and nurses, in their blue gingham uniforms and white aprons, made a picturesque group, but it was not the external scenery, nor the admirable internal arrangements that made the big impression upon my mind during that visit, it was the inmates, the fifty-odd girls who sat before me and seemed so heartily to enjoy the service.

Their youth impressed me. The ages of these unmarried mothers and prospective mothers ranged from fourteen to twenty-four. The majority were seventeen or eighteen years old.

Their looks filled me with pity. For the most part they appeared so girlish, so guileless, so much like our own daughters. There was nothing in their faces of the hardness or despair, or abandonment, which characterizes the daughters of Rahab.

Mainly, they appeared sweet, unsophisticated American girls. Quite a number of them, in fact, were schoolgirls.

What had brought them to this institution? Certainly, judging by their demeanor and appearance, not inordinate salaciousness, or habitual and promiscuous unchastity. What was it?

After the service I had an interesting talk with Lieut.-Colonel Cowden. I suggested that these inmates were somewhat different to the inmates I had met in similar institutions in other countries where the majority of the inmates were older and bore evidence in their faces of the irregularity of their lives.

She agreed they were, and that for some years the character of the girls in Army institutions in America had changed. The disappearance of the segregated districts and the comparative absence of street solicitation had, so it would seem, wrought a change in the social evil and in the class of girl who come to our institutions. In fact these were no longer called Rescue Homes, but Women's Homes and Hospitals.

"But these girls," I said; "are there any married women among them? Do you take in private cases?"

"No," was the reply, "these girls are all unmarried mothers."

Then came the somewhat astonishing information that fifty per cent of the girls had been brought into their present condition during automobile "joy rides."

The accommodation of this Institution is for sixty mothers and thirty-five babies. It was designed by an eminent firm of Hospital Architects, and its internal arrangements and equipment are of the most modern character. In every way it is a splendid institution, and, as I shall endeavor to show, is rendering a great service to those who early in life have made a sad fall.

Perhaps there is no sin that strikes so swiftly and heavily as unchastity, and very often the guileless suffer more severely than the guilty; that is to say, the tempter often escapes while the tempted one suffers.

Some of the stories of the inmates are sad in the extreme. Here is one: We will call the girl Susie. She graduated at high school last June. She was then eighteen and was keeping company with a man whose intentions, she thought, were strictly honorable, so she loved well but not wisely, and she became aware of the consequences.

Her home was in a country town and she came to Chicago and got a position before her parents or friends had any knowledge of her condition. The man in the case absconded and left the girl to bear her trouble alone; not only so, but she heard just a month before she came into the institution that the perfidious fellow had married another girl.

Her baby is now four weeks old. The girl's mother is aware of the fact, but her father is not.

She is a beautiful, intelligent, educated girl, and since being in the Home has become a Christian.

Her life has been marred, but not irretrievably ruined, as may be seen from the cases that are contained in the archives of the institution. She yet may become an honorable and happy wife and mother.

Here is one of these cases: A woman who little deserved the name of mother kept a boarding-house for men. She had a daughter just turned seventeen whose youth was taken advantage of by a good-looking, ingratiating boarder, who, when he saw prospective motherhood ahead, promptly disappeared.

The girl's mother was so incensed that she gave her daughter twenty-five dollars and told her to go away to a well-known city, and declared that henceforth she could do as she liked. The mother desired to see her daughter no more. The young girl went to the city designated, and took a room. At this point she might easily have become an outcast and a menace to the community, for she was not yet eighteen; and, shamed and deserted by her lover, and cast out by her mother, she became bitter and despairing. At this juncture she was told of the Salvation Army Hospital in that city. Thither she went and told her story to the matron. She was taken in and cared for during her trouble.

The matron had earnest talks with the young unmarried mother concerning sin and its consequences in this life and the life which is to come. She also told her of a Savior who is able to preserve us blameless. The young woman became a Christian and went out of the hospital to begin life anew with holier hopes and resolves, and the hospital was ever a strong tower to her to which she could go in times of stress and be succored.

A few years later a young man crossed her path. She consulted the matron concerning the course she should pursue if he proposed marriage to her. The matron advised her to tell her story. Then one evening the man did make her a proposal of honorable marriage. She told him of her child, to which he replied that he knew all about it, but honored her the more for telling him. They were married, and a dozen years or so have now passed. They are both good Christians, have a fine family and are perfectly happy. But what she might have become had she not been wisely counseled in her sorrow.

That comfortable reception room has not only been the spiritual birthplace of many girls in the meetings held therein. But not infrequently the officers all assemble, and its restful brown decorative scheme is relieved by lovely flowers. A wedding is conducted. Here is a sample story:

A young girl came one day to the Hospital and endeavored to make arrangements for coming into the institution. In the course of conversation it came out that the plan of the young man and woman was that the girl should enter the hospital. They would then get the baby adopted or disposed of and then get married, and were so to arrange matters that their friends would know nothing about the episode.

The matron then learned that the young prospective father was awaiting her in a nearby park, whereupon the matron sallied forth, found him, and brought him into the hospital. Having thus got the young people together, she talked to them about the wrong they contemplated doing to their unborn babe by sending it out into the world a parentless waif, and urged immediate marriage so that the babe might be born in wedlock. The young man's intentions were honorable, but he did not like to have to tell his people what had taken place, and the girl was equally reluctant, but the end of it was that a speedy marriage was arranged in the hospital, and when the little girl was born she had a father's name and parents' love.

Just a short time ago the wife in question wrote to the matron, and from her letter I take the following illuminating extracts:

"I used to love to get your letters, and at times would have given anything to go and see you and have a little chat with you. Do you remember the quiet little talks we used to have together? I still have the photo of yourself you gave me the day I was married. I have had it framed and greatly treasure it, and it hangs in my bedroom still. I often look at it and remember what you did for me and mine. . . . I have only two children—a girl and a boy. You know my girl named Ruth. She has grown to such a fine big girl, and is such a great help and comfort to me. I only wish you could see her now. She will be fourteen next month. . . . We have a piano, as Ruth is learning music and plays very nicely. I have a good, kind husband. God has indeed been good to me. . . . His thoughts are only for myself and the children. I would love you to see my home and the nice things with which he has furnished it."

(Continued on Page 13.)

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COMMISSIONER J. McMILLAN

THE CENTRAL TERRITORY'S NEW LEADER

By Brigadier B. Taylor

Editor-in-Chief Canada East Territory.

WITHOUT THE fear of inaccuracy being charged, it may be stated Lieut.-Commissioner John McMillan is known to Salvationists in Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and that there is a high quality of proud regard for him is as certain as it is justifiable. He is considered to be a Canadian "product," and is the eldest member of one of the most respected families ever associated with Salvation Army service in the Dominion. His sterling individual worth as well as his robust Salvationism have been tested, proved and remarked a thousand times.

For seven years—years savored with unsurpassed devotion to the Flag, loyalty to his leaders, and helpfulness to his fellows, he occupied the position of Second-in-Command of Salvation Army operations in Canada East, Newfoundland and Bermuda. And in all his undertakings was magnificently partnered by Mrs. McMillan.

Clean cut, of brisk attitude, alert mind, glad heart and attractive personality, the Commissioner stands out as a real Salvation Army character. He has been in the Army circle from his early boyhood, and in the years which have intervened he has developed a quality of happy-hearted Salvationism which is at once a chief charm and an indication of a serene spiritual experience.

BUTTONHOLING TACTICS.

As his name infers he is of Scotch parentage, and inasmuch as parentage governs the nationality of the child, he is a Scotchman. Born in the great city of Glasgow he was about five years old when he was taken to a Salvation Army meeting by his father and mother. It was their first contact with the Army, and McMillan senior was full of curiosity while his wife, who had accompanied her husband for companionship sake, was not a little nervous about the wisdom of the visit. Both had heard of the "buttonholing" tactics, and were not inclined to regard such personal attack as being in good taste. But that night, to the glad amazement of both of them, they knelt at the Army penitent-form and got gloriously converted. Five-year-old Johnny looked on without the vaguest possible, if any, idea of what was happening to his parents, but it is today a proud memory that he saw them pass into the Light.

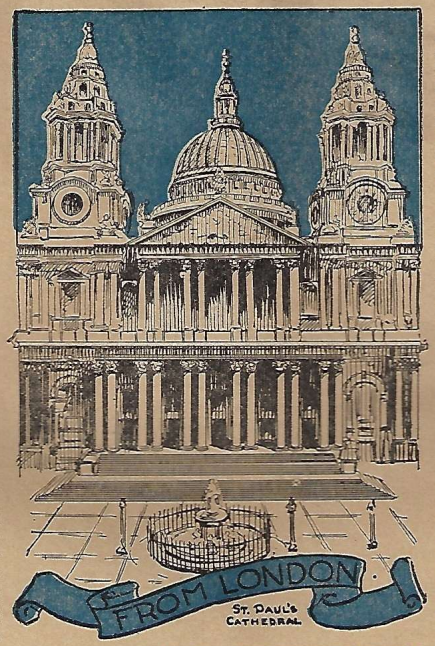
The new converts became Salvationists. They became "out-and outers," too. A very distinct call to Officership was answered, and, in 1882, the Training Home claimed them and there commenced for the McMillan family a life of movement and widespread blessing. After a spell of service in the British Field, they were appointed to similar work in Canada, and ultimately landed on this side of the ocean. And that is how Colonel McMillan became a "Canadian."

Lieut.-Commissioner John McMillan entered the service of the Army early in his teen years, and just as soon as conditions permitted he became a Cadet, being associated with the old Yorkville Training Garrison and small corps in and around Toronto. An experience which he greatly cherishes was membership in the Canadian Household Troops Band, the formation of which was inspired by the world famous Household Troops Band which toured in Canada and the U. S. A. The Canadian Band was modeled on H. T. B. lines and in it John McMillan played solo cornet, and was considered to be a player of no mean ability. Of course, as he says, just how his playing would have been regarded had the standards of today obtained, he does not know.

DEMONSTRATING HIS METTLE.

About this time he established contact with the Canadian Territorial Headquarters, being appointed to succeed the Brigadier Tom Plant of today, as private secretary to the then Territorial Commissioner. He qualified for the appointment for one thing because he could write shorthand, which, it is worthy of note, he had mastered himself. Useful and strenuous days in that appointment took him to the year 1892, when the Canadian Field was reorganized, the Provincial system being introduced. With this new departure he was appointed Chief Assistant to the Provincial Commander of East Ontario, with headquarters at Kingston. Then came the great experience which make 1892-1893 stand out as vital years in Canadian Salvation Army history. Young McMillan, who was a rapidly developing personality, had opportunities of demonstrating his mettle time and time again and it is not surprising to learn that his feet were firmly planted on the Salvation Army ladder. From the Field he was reappointed to T. H. Q., and this time to the position of cashier; and in that capacity he served the Army until 1896, when he received orders to proceed to Australia, where he was appointed assistant to Colonel Birkenshaw, who commanded the State of South Australia.

This was a move of considerable moment in his life. He met the woman of his choice and married her. So that Canada and Australia are particularly



and strongly united to these two sterling Salvationist leaders.

Mrs. McMillan was a high school girl in Sydney, New South Wales, when she first met the Army, and her conversion was a very definite character. She got busy immediately. God touched and saved her, and she became Y. P. S. M. at one of the Sydney Corps, acting in that capacity until she left for the Training College. Service on the Field and in the Women's Social work preceded the call of the press, which found her able in response. For many years she was connected with the editorship of the Australian "Young Soldier."

A RESPONSIBLE OFFICE.

Even after the babies arrived in the McMillan home, she preserved her interest editorially. For the several years prior to their departure from Australia, Mrs. McMillan occupied the position of National

Home League Secretary, under Mrs. Commissioner Hay, and it is perhaps unnecessary to stress the very heavy demands made by such a responsible office.

But to return to the Commissioner. His ability was quickly recognized in Australia and in process of time he was appointed Assistant Field Secretary for the whole of Australia and New Zealand. Following this his responsibilities were increased and he filled the position of Secretary for Field affairs, ultimately merging into the full fledged Field Secretaryship of the Australian command. During his last year in the commonwealth he had the oversight of the Training College in addition to the taxing duties of Field Secretary.

A PLEASURABLE SURPRISE.

The appointment to Canada came as a great, but intensely pleasurable surprise. And the Lieut.-Commissioner would emphasize, were he writing this sketch instead of being unconscious of its possible appearance, that no Officer ever came to Canada with happier feelings and delight than he did. It was a case of "coming home." It was the opportunity of seeing father, and mother, and other members of his family circle. It presented opportunities, too, of going over old battlegrounds and of putting in solid service for the land of his adoption. And the welcome accorded him and his made it very clear that comrades and friends in the Land of the Maple were just as glad to receive him as he was glad to come. Thus did Lieut.-Commissioner and Mrs. McMillan enter upon their period of service in Canada East. The Great War was on when they arrived, and the experience which they had gained in Australia in the work which had been launched by Commissioner Hay for the men of the Australian Expeditionary Force was not without its specific value. The Commissioner was immediately heart and soul into the war work which Commissioner Richards launched, and it is only fair to state that he played a conspicuous part in the service which the Salvation Army rendered to the Crown during those stressful years. Mrs. McMillan, too, was in the very front line in this connection. The wives of Headquarters Officers were formed into a league and under the capable direction of Mrs. McMillan, gave of their best to the dependents of men overseas, met newcomers, visited hospitals and rendered maximum service in directions peculiarly in the realm of womanhood.

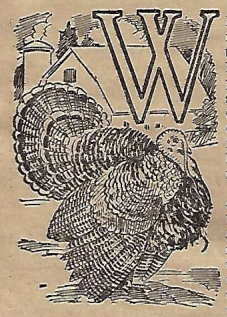
PERSONALITIES THAT INFLUENCED.

The Commissioner pays unqualified tribute to the men under whom it has been his lot to serve. In their separate ways every one of them has influenced him, and mention cannot be made of such outstanding Salvation Army personalities as Commissioner Hay, Commissioner Richards without the consciousness of indebtedness possessing him. Especially does he hold the Army Founder in sacred esteem. He traveled with him not only in Canada, but in Australia and New Zealand, and was privileged to converse with him on several memorable occasions, to a degree of intimacy which brought blessing as well as illumination. The Commissioner, too, has the proud record of being one of the speakers at the Founder's final public experience—that ever memorable Albert Hall event, when the Founder made his startlingly prophetic utterance, **"I am going into dock."** Then, too, the present General and other members of the Booth family have done much by their example, writing and personal touches to make the Commissioner the man he is today.

In the space at our command it has only been possible to present in kodak style, these new leaders in the Central Territory who have just completed a highly successful term of service in the British Field. Lives, so blessing laden, so widespread in character, and so rich in influence cannot be reduced to cold script. They will do well in the States where they will quickly win affection and support by virtue of their intensive work, buoyant Salvationism, and positive energy. They have two daughters, one being a Captain in the British Field.—Bramwell Taylor.

A heathen got worried about his sins, and came to the priest and asked how he might be cured. The priest said, "If you will drive spikes into your shoes and walk 500 miles you will get over it." So he drove spikes into his shoes and began his pilgrimage trembling, tottering, agonizing on the way until he got about twenty miles and sat down under a tree exhausted. Nearby, a missionary was preaching Christ, the Savior of all men. When the heathen heard it, he pulled off his sandals, threw them as far as he could, and cried, "That's what I want; give me Jesus! give me Jesus!" Oh, ye who have been convicted and worn of sin, trudging on all your days to reap eternal woe, will you not, at the announcement of a full and glorious atonement throw your torturing transgressions to the wind?

The STORY of a CHRISTMAS BASKET BY ONE OF THEM



WELL, for goodness sake, if there isn't that very turkey, lying on the table. But what can have happened? His eyes are shut, his neck looks peculiar, and would you, can you believe it, his feathers are all gone, and he doesn't look nearly so formidable as he used to!

But how silly I am. Of course you don't even know what I am driving at. You see I am a big market basket, and I think quite a lot about my nice white sides and the depth and width of myself, and my strong handle. They make good baskets at the Standard Basket Company, I can tell you!

I never would have seen the turkey but my boss borrowed me from the factory one night to take some things home. He lives out of town and while I was out on the back porch holding the groceries, what should come up to me but a great big awful looking thing that I discovered afterward was a turkey. He made horrible noises and peered at me out of nasty red eyes. Finally he made jabs at my nice white handle, and really I felt nervous, but I couldn't do anything with such a load of groceries.

Well, of course, I didn't stay in the country, for the next day my boss carried me back to the factory and the first thing I knew I was tied up to a lot of other baskets and piled with them in a huge heap.

I don't remember anything else until one morning a man in a blue uniform and a heavy military-like coat and cap came in. He talked for a long time (humans have so much to say, I'm thankful I'm a basket) and the gist of his conversation was to the effect that the Salvation Army was giving a big treat to poor people and distributing two thousand baskets of good things to make up a Christmas dinner.

The next day I and my friends were piled on a truck. It was very dark in the truck and I don't know what happened until presently we baskets found ourselves in the First Regiment Armory, at Sixteenth and Michigan avenues. We were there all night, but in the morning, before it was light, a host of Salvation Army men and women came down and set to work. The men came first and did the rough work. They wore big overalls over their uniforms, and the women wore great big aprons.

After they got going things fairly hummed and we baskets felt dizzy with all the rush. You see they put up long tables. At the end of the table was the pile of baskets, including me, and then bushels and bushels of potatoes. Behind the table were piles of various groceries, and between the table and the groceries stood Salvationists. On the other side of the table stood the men. At the opposite end of the table were stacks of turkeys and big piles of War Crys.

A man grabbed me and before I could take a breath threw a shovel of potatoes into me and shoved me onto the table. I seemed to slide to the end of that table in two seconds, but when I arrived there I fairly bulged. I was holding ten pounds of potatoes, some canned peas, corn and milk, a bag of sugar, coffee, butter, crackers, apples, cookies, candy, bread, a great big turkey, and last, but by no means least, a brightly colored War Cry.

I was out of breath when I was finally passed on to the other baskets stacked up ready for distribution. A group of Salvationists were standing near where I stood, and they were talking about the different poor families they had taken care of. Said one girl:

"Well, if there isn't another deserving case in the world, the Morley's certainly is. Mrs. Morley and her mother came to our meeting for quite a while before I finally suspected their poverty. But they wouldn't say a thing."

"Isn't that just always the way with really poor people?" said another officer.

"Yes, and then she came last Monday real late and called me because her husband was sick. I went at once with Lieutenant to see what we could do. My dear you never saw such poverty. The house was bare of everything. It's at the back of a dirty store, and as dark as it can be. When we got there it was after midnight, and my teeth chattered with the cold. They had no coal and no stove to put it in. The baby was sitting up in a broken cot crying. The child was so white and I found that it had the whooping cough and the poor little thing's hands were like ice. Then there was grandmother. Poor old lady, she was so frail I wanted to take her home and look after her, but she declared she was well and must 'stand by her daughter.' They never had a cent to pay for medicine, and there was not a thing in the house. The woman said she had been out of work for a week and that her husband had been sick quite a while, but had lately got worse. Well, we got busy. Of course, the first thing to do was get a doctor who ordered the man off to the hospital at once. We got him a free bed, too, in a comfortable ward, through a friendly physician. Then we visited the Industrial Home. I expect by the time Mrs. Morley gets home from here there will be some heat in her home. Poor soul, she deserves it. Just imagine one woman supporting five!"

"What a blessing you discovered them before Christmas——"

I lost the drift of the conversation for a while in the bustle that followed. The Salvationists were giving out the baskets. The people were coming in streams. They were poorly clad, some were very old, some were younger and some were sick and sad-looking. Then all at once I heard the girl speaking again. She said, "Here comes the Mrs. Morley I was telling you of."

I was only a basket, but I was really interested in this woman, so I watched eagerly. She was quite a young woman, but very thinly clothed for so cold a day, and she looked much older than she was on account of the lines of care and hard work.

Suddenly a hand seized me and I was swung for a moment in midair and then—would you believe it—placed into the hands of Mrs. Morley! I could have shouted for joy.

Mrs. Morley bowed and said thank you, and even when we left the Armory and boarded a street car, she was smiling, and as well as the smile there were big tears in her pretty eyes.

But I must hurry on. The Editor says I can't have the whole War Cry. Wish I could. We passed a lot of pretty houses all covered in white snow, and with tinsel-covered prettily-lighted Christmas trees in the windows. But we did not go into any of them. The woman who carried me alighted in front of a dingy, dirty store and we went down the alley and up some back stairs that were rickety and in through a shaky door. We had arrived.

My lady pushed the door open and set me down on the floor, gasping for breath, for a big basket of groceries like me is heavy. Two little boys with bright brown eyes and dark curls rushed to meet her, and a two-year-old baby toddled behind.

"Oh-oo-oo a turkey!" shouted the biggest boy, tweaking that turkey's leg so hard that I chuckled to think how he was being paid back for once jabbing at me.

The little ones all made a rush for me, but the mother was so surprised about something that she never noticed them. She looked around the house, and called, "Grandma, grandma, what has happened?" and at that, the children all began to talk at once about the Army man who had called in the morning. Then I saw the dearest old lady coming from the next room, and I knew right away it was Mrs. Morley's mother. She was the sweetest old lady, with bright eyes and pretty white hair She had a red threadbare shawl around her stooped shoulders.

"Oh, Ellen," she said to Mrs. Morley, "the Army Captain from the Industrial Home was here this morning and brought that lovely laundry stove and a load of coal. Why, that one stove just heats the whole house. Isn't it wonderful. And that isn't all," continued grandma, "just come in here."

With me still on her arm, my lady went into the small dining room, and there was a lovely Morris chair which the Captain had brought for grandma to sit in when she was tired, and a big comfortable looking davbed for daddy when he should come out of the hospital. There was a nice warm rug on the floor, too, and in the corner on the old davenport a pile of things that looked like bed linen, blankets and clothing.

Mrs. Morley and grandma stood looking at each other, the children dancing happily around. The eyes of the two women were filled with tears, and Mrs. Morley laid a work-worn hand on my handle and said, "And just look at this, too. I can hardly believe it. Aren't they kind?"

Handing Out the Christmas Baskets.

The children, of course, were most interested in me and my contents. So the old lady stooped down and gathered the children into her arms, while Mrs. Morley took out my contents and laid them on the table. There were delighted squeals about the delicious things, and then the baby girl wriggled herself free from grandma's arms and came over and patted my side gently. "Pretty bastet bastet," she crooned. I just loved that baby.

Of course, I was soon emptied and laid on the top of the kitchen cabinet and I heard Mrs. Morley say, "Such a lovely basket, and I needed one so badly, too."

Night came at the end of a happy day and I must have slept very soundly for the next day I was awakened by much noise of rattling dishes and laughing children and the scuttling of their small feet. It was Christmas day and mother was putting the dinner on the table. The most delicious dinner you can possibly imagine, even though you have been in the homes of the wealthy.

The table was covered with a clean white, if threadbare cloth. There were steaming dishes of corn, peas, cranberry jelly glistened bright red beside each plate. A big dish of brown potatoes smelled savory indeed, and basket as I am, my mouth fairly watered when I saw the turkey being brought in. Mrs. Morley carried him in on a large dish. He was brown and juicy and altogether delicious to look upon!

Grandma beamed from her place at the head of the table, upon the happy youngsters, and they could scarcely keep their seats, so jubilant they were. They clapped their small hands, and smacked their red lips. Mother was seated at last, and ready to serve. Her face was flushed from working in the hot kitchen, and a tendril-like curl lay damp upon her forehead, but her face was serene and her eyes were happy.

I am only a basket, but if I had wept you could not have blamed me, as I watched those happy people. Tears of thankfulness coursed down the lined cheeks of grandma when mother whispered huskily, "And now we must thank the good Father in Heaven for sending the Salvation Army to look after us and make Christmas so happy and comfortable."

And three little ones folded their chubby hands, closed their big dancing eyes, and each sweet childish voice followed mother's solemn, softly:

"THANK YOU JESUS FOR SENDING THE SALVATION ARMY."—C. E. B.

A Display of Christmas Baskets Before Distribution.

Jesus And His Call

By The General

"And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

THE COMING of our Lord Jesus Christ was the Call of God to the lost and ruined families of men. He plunged right into the thick of human affairs, into the very center of human life and conflict. He came as the Messenger of God—He proclaimed the Word of God—He spake as the Voice of God. But more than all this, He was Himself God's Call to man. The kind of life He lived and the death He died—what He actually was more than what He did—constitute the great Call to us to come to Him—to know Him.

What then was His chief attraction? What was that feature in Him that the Father expected would give the power to His Call and which reveals the inner meaning of His own amazing words: "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me?"

No doubt many gifts and qualities combine to make Jesus supremely wonderful in us whose eyes have been opened. His miracles and His miracle-working power. His teaching, so exalted and generous, and yet so near to human need and life. His knowledge of the Father and of the Father's Will. His intimacy with man and sympathy with woman and gentleness with little children. His supremacy over all His surroundings. His dignity. His wonderful claim to be one with God—"He who hath seen Me, hath seen the Father." His manifestation of self-control and self-discipline. His constant putting of His own judgment and character to the proof before the people. His readiness from the very earliest days to give Himself up for the Truth—a readiness which brought Him at last to death, even the death of the Cross. How striking, how wonderful it all is!

But all taken together, this would not have made the Call. Even all this might have been possible in Jesus without making an effective appeal to our poor wavering, weak, and empty hearts. Beautiful and glorious as it certainly is, if it were all, we are too dark to see its beauty—too dull to perceive its glory. Without something more to quicken and inspire, we should be little above the trees and flowers and hills that are surrounded by wonderful and beautiful things which they cannot see, cannot feel, can never know.

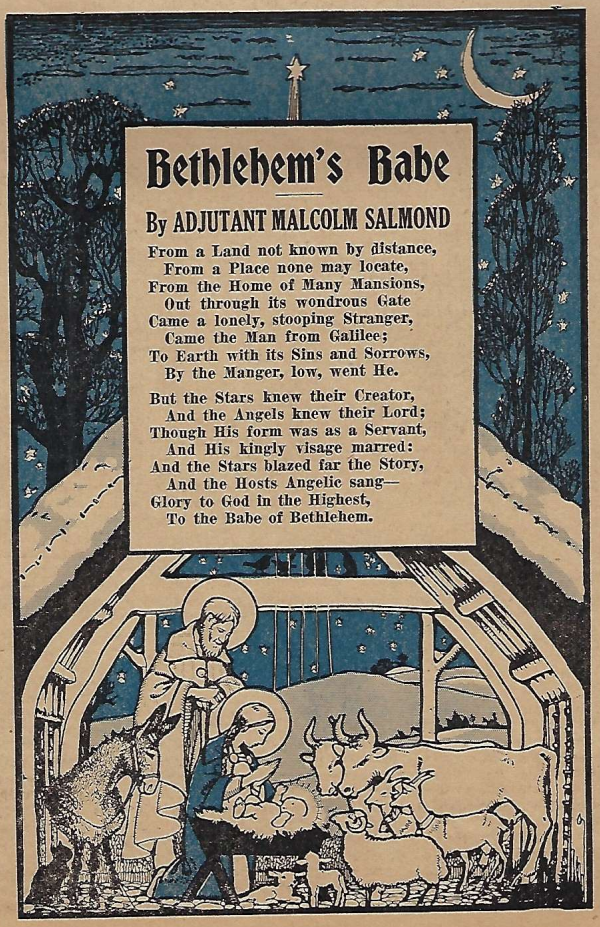
It was His love that was the attraction—indeed, it was that which really made all else in Him draw us. It was His love that we felt—that touched our inner springs—that opened our eyes—that called to the good in us to awake and stand forth—that sent us strong thrills and inspired in us wonderful and holy longings. Love made His Word come near to us—made it so true and wise for us—so sweet and precious—yes, even when it condemned and hurt. Love made His Will our will—made it take possession of us—made it holy and acceptable to us—made the supreme prayer in our lives: "Thy Will, not mine, be done."

Love turned Him from being merely our great, wise, faultless Example into our most beloved indwelling Savior. Love opened our eyes and hearts to the secrets of His own union with the Father and with us. Love let the light into our consciences, our sensibilities, our reason. Now we know Him more. Now we walk in the light. Now love casts out those twin sources of failure—darkness and fear.

It is all very simple. We know very well that it would be quite possible to imagine Jesus endowed with all those great powers of which I have just spoken, but without His love, and we know quite well that though such a Jesus might have drawn our attention and secured our admiration, and even made us feel how far beneath Him in wisdom and power we are, yet He would never have called us to leave all and follow Him, and never have made us wish to do it—in short, He would never have won our hearts. It is not merely as a wonderful and mighty Sovereign Lord He comes to us, but as One Who is clothed with the garments of compassion and whose every other power and gift is illuminated and beautified by His love. Without that, so far as influencing and winning us go, He might just as well have stayed in His Heavenly Kingdom and left us alone.

Well, even so with some of the followers of Jesus. They have undoubtedly won and felt much which is like Him, but they do not "draw" men—simply because they lack this love. The drawing power is not in the correctness of our lives or in our spoken word, no matter how eloquent, or in our music and song, or in the good works which we have undertaken. Without this love the Meetings, the Uniform, the Band, the toil, the giving and begging have no real attraction.

So this is the force of our Call also—the efficacy of our message to the world around us: Love—the love of our Lord united with our love. Letting it throw its glow and beauty on everything in life that is seen and known either by God or man. From the One Man through many men, to all men, Love is to go forth—this is the grand witness for which we stand. "And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." This is the Glory, whether in the face of Jesus Christ, or in the life of his disciples.



Bethlehem's Babe

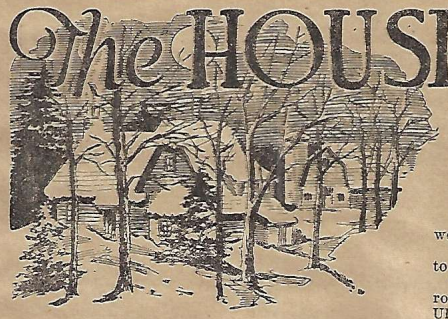
By ADJUTANT MALCOLM SALMOND

From a Land not known by distance,
From a Place none may locate,
From the Home of Many Mansions,
Out through its wondrous Gate
Came a lonely, stooping Stranger,
Came the Man from Galilee;
To Earth with its Sins and Sorrows,
By the Manger, low, went He.

But the Stars knew their Creator,
And the Angels knew their Lord;
Though His form was as a Servant,
And His kingly visage marred:
And the Stars blazed far the Story,
And the Hosts Angelic sang—
Glory to God in the Highest,
To the Babe of Bethlehem.

The HOUSE of DREADFUL NIGHT

A Story of a Christmas Eve Tragedy



"YES, MY nut-brown hair turned white in a single night and that night began on a Christmas eve. It was, of course, many years ago when I was a young Captain."

The speaker was a fresh complexioned woman of advanced middle age whose pleasant face was surmounted with a piled up mass of snow white hair. I had made a complimentary remark about the hair of my friend which called forth the statement concerning the effect of a terrible night. I felt curious to know the cause and said, "But how did it come to pass, Mrs. Brown?"

"Well," said the kindly Salvationist, "It happened in this way. At the time I was not at all well. I had a troublesome cough, and the Divisional Commander gave me permission to have a month's furlough, although it was Christmas time, but my case was a pressing one.

"Now, it so happened that a young school chum of mine, a one-time Salvation lassie, had some months previously married a young farmer lad named Herbert Jarvis. He turned out to be an ungodly and very profane young fellow who, though he dearly loved his wife, had not much use for religion nor churches. She had invited me to spend a little time with them whenever I could manage. I decided to spend Christmas with them and hoped that I might do something to establish religion in that home.

"I arrived there a week before Christmas and had a royal welcome from both my young friend and her husband.

"One day a letter was left in the mail box informing my girl friend that her mother-in-law would be with us for Christmas day. Myrtle, for that was the young wife's name, was delighted and fussed about in great style to get things top hole for her husband's mother. As the day drew near Myrtle discovered that the Big Ben apples, of which Mother Jarvis was so fond, had been quite forgotten. In order to help out the situation I volunteered to go to the Cooley farm and get a supply.

"This farm was some little distance from our place, but I started out fairly early with a big police dog named Speed for a companion, and a small sled on which to draw the two bushels of apples. The snow glistened in the bright sunshine and the sky was as blue as sapphire when I started out, and my hair, as I have told you, was the color of a hazel nut. I little thought before I got home again my hair would be as white as the snow on the fields. But so it was.

"The road was fairly good at the start, but later became rough and piled up with snow drifts, and the going was not so easy and my cough too troubled me some. However, the air was delightful, the dog full of frolic, and I felt in fine spirits.

"As I struggled along I came to a sleigh in which were seated several men in blue uniforms, two of whom alighted and tacked a notice paper on a telegraph post. After they had passed on I examined the poster which stated that a reward would be given to any one who would give such information as would lead to the capture of a gang of counterfeiters.

"I had heard a great deal about the counterfeit money which was being passed in the vicinity of Kickepoo Center, the capital of Kickepoo County.

"However, I thought that is the business of the police. What I am after are Big Ben apples. To my surprise, when I reached the Cooley farm, there were not any of that particular kind of apples available. But I could get them at Bentley's farm some little distance farther on.

"Having come so far I resolved to get the apples for my friend and ultimately got a supply of the desired fruit at the said Bentley place.

"I started for home but by this time a change had come over the face of the sky. The wind had risen, dark clouds covered the ethereal blue and snow began to fall. A man driving a cutter passed me I hailed him and asked the best way to the Jarvis' farm. He told me that the best, the most protected road, would take me past what was known as a haunted house.

"'I hope you are not a timid girl,' he said, 'for it's getting dark, and that's the time ghosts run loose, isn't it? Were it not that I am a doctor and am going to a very urgent case I would drive you home. However, the road is well frequented and you may meet some one who will give you a lift, beside the moon should be up soon. Well, goodbye, I must be off.'

"With that he gave his horse a cut and the sleigh went jingling along.

"I felt a bit nervous and called to Speed, the dog, to keep close to me.

"I took the turning he had indicated and found the road was indeed fairly well sheltered with tall trees. Ultimately we reached a more exposed part and I began to tingle with cold. I said to the dog, 'Well, Speed, I don't know how you feel, old boy, but I am freezing, and I don't know how we are going to make it to Jarvis' Farm tonight.'

"The words seemed to hearten me a bit, and I had hardly said them when we came to a lonely house which looked very forbidding among the tall trees. 'This is the haunted house,' I said to myself, and hurried past it as rapidly as I could. But by this time I was not only cold but very weary, and oh, so sleepy.

"Shortly after we came to another house, a much larger place with a big barn. By this time the moon was up, and although the house stood among trees I was able to make it out quite clearly and fancied I saw a lighted window.

"'Ah, well,' I said aloud, 'I'm going to try the hospitality of that house, and, if possible, I must bunk there.'

"I reached the house and could not find the lighted window. What I saw was a streak of light shining at the bottom of what appeared to be a basement door at the rear of the house.

"I went to the front and knocked at the door but no one came. I turned the knob, and strange to say, it flew open. I entered with the dog and the apples. At the end of a long passage I saw a glimmering light and cautiously made my way to it, and descending some steps found myself in a very mysterious place. On a small table stood a lighted lamp while around the walls stood several large objects covered with gray and white canvas, while above my head sounded a low groaning sort of a noise. To my horror Speed began to growl and was about to bark but I seized him by the collar and held his jaws tight and started to climb the stairs again. On reaching the hall I saw by the moonlight which streamed through the open door, a lot of garments which looked like rubber coats hanging along the wall. Anyway the place was warm so I resolved to shut the door and stay there for a time.

"I hid Speed and myself behind one of these rubber coats or whatever they were, but it was not long before, overcome with drowsiness, both the dog and myself fell asleep.

"How long we had been asleep I can't tell but I was awakened by loud voices near at hand. Peeking through the folds of the coat I perceived another door which I had not noticed in the darkness. This door seemed to lead into a kitchen. At least that was my impression at the time. Anyway, a light gleamed brightly through the doorway for the door was partly open.

"The Air Was Delightful, the Dog Full of Frolic, and I Felt in Fine Spirits."

"Again I was obliged to hold the dog's jaws together for he started a low growl. A number of people were engaged in talking, but I could not make out what was said and there I sat in terror, not knowing but that any moment the door might be thrown open, and I find myself at the mercy of, I didn't know what.

"Whether the speakers grew reckless or not I do not know, but certainly their voices were raised and I could hear some of their remarks quite distinctly.

"'Well,' said a gruff, deep-toned voice, 'I don't take any more chances. The Kickepoo folk are beginning to suspect us and this place. And, I tell you, Ted, it isn't safe to pass any more of that stuff around here and I for one am going to quit this place and quit it tonight. The police, I hear, have offered a big reward for our capture dead or alive. You can stay if you like but you won't hand me over to the police, if I know it.'

"'Come, Matt,' said the other man in a conciliatory voice, 'I'll do the square thing by you providing you hand over my share of the profits. You know blame well you've been getting the best of me right along from the very start and—Hello!' he suddenly broke off and said, 'where did that noise come from? Didn't you hear a noise something like a dog growling?'

"'No,' said the first voice, 'but I want to hear what you intend to do. One thing is certain we shall have to vacate this place right away, and not play haunted house any more. Besides your wife, Matt, told me plainly today that she was through with me and the whole game.'

"'YES, Ted, but don't you see that she is tired of playing ghost without any gains. This has been going on now for three years, and tonight ends our partnership, and the profits in good coin are to be evenly divided up now.'

"There was further violent altercation, and at length the voice of one who was addressed as Matt cried out in anger, 'you don't leave this place until you square up. Give me my share or I'll spill the beans and turn State evidence.'

"This heated conversation was suddenly interrupted by a sound of a woman's footsteps descending the stairs, and then a female voice broke the silence by saying, 'Don't, boys, please don't quarrel tonight!' But the appeal was in vain. The men's voices became fiercer than ever, and then the noise was broken by the sharp report of a gun. Thre was a woman's scream, the noise of a heavy fall, then the slam of a door and a sound of hurrying footsteps. I remembered no more. The harrowing experience was too much for me and I fainted. Unconsciousness came to my relief.

"When I came to myself the dog Speed was barking frantically, and pawing at the now closed door where I had seen the light, and whence had come the voices.

"It was still dark in the vestibule, and I had no idea of the time. But I stole to the door, opened it and peered out. Day was just breaking. The fresh morning air quickened my senses, and the conduct of the dog made me resolve to enter the room and see what had happened, for the house was as still as death.

"I flung the door open. The lamp was still burning and by its light I saw the body of a woman on the floor. A pool of blood was lying close by her pale face. Thoroughly frightened I called to the dog, and rushed from the house. It was Christmas Day. The freshly fallen snow glinted in the rays of the rising sun, and the snow-laden bushes and trees stood in clear relief against the cloudless blue sky. Everything outside the house was in glorious contrast to the sordid crime and death within it. I thanked God that I was in His pure free atmosphere.

"I hadn't gone far when I heard the jingle of

The author of this very remarkable story is Mrs. Marion M. Bates of Pewaukee, Wisconsin, to whom it was told by a Salvation Army officer in Canada, now retired. Mrs. Bates is a warm friend of the Salvation Army, and an active worker for humanity, both in connection with the Army and other organizations. She was entered in the Daily Star Hall of Fame as Minneapolis Most Unselfish Citizen for the year 1925.

sleigh bells behind me and turning round I saw the doctor to whom I had spoken the night before. 'Hello!' he cried when he drove up. Then he stared at me in a most surprised fashion for quite a little while, and then remarked, 'Didn't I see you last night at the cross roads? What has happened to you? Your hair is as white as that of Santa Claus.'

"I didn't know what he meant, but he could see that I was quite upset, so he said, 'I will take you to Jarvis Farm.' At last I found words, and said, 'Oh, take me home, take me anywhere from this terrible place!'

"I hastily climbed into the sleigh and began to sob. 'Why,' he said, 'you must be the girl that gave the whole countryside a fright last night. Nearly everybody in the locality was out with dogs and torches trying to find a woman who had been staying at Jarvis Farm, but who had got lost and had not returned home.'

"I said, 'I was the girl, and then, as well as I could told him what I had been through. He listened most attentively sitting bolt upright, and then said, 'Do you know what you have done, girlie?'

"I assured him I had done nothing.

"'Oh, no, nothing,' he replied, 'But you have found out the haunt of the counterfeiters and are therefore entitled to the reward of $3.000.'

"'But, I said, 'I haven't even seen their faces, and wouldn't know them if I met them.'

"'But you overheard the conversation between the men, and the woman is shot.'

"'It seems as if she had gone between them to stop the fight. What do you say if we return to the house?—the woman may not be dead.'

"We drove back, and with a palpitating heart I re-entered the house of dreadful night.

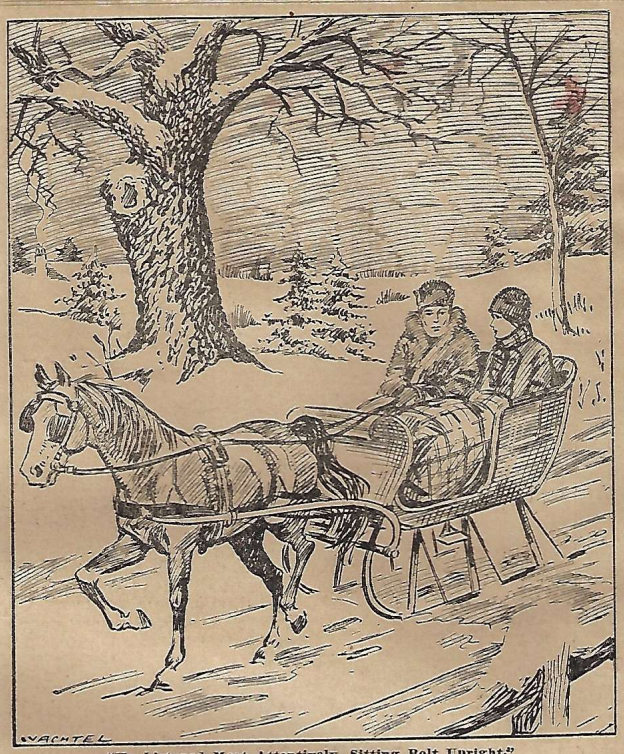
"We went into the room where the tragedy had occurred. The form of the woman was still there.

"The doctor felt her pulse. 'Dead,' he said. 'Has been dead for hours.'

"We went through the house. The canvas covers in the basement hid machines for printing notes, and there were dies and moulds for making coin. It was a well equipped counterfeiter's plant.

"The doctor, Dr. Newberry, was his name, said there was conclusive proof of the truth of my story, and the next thing was to place the matter into the hands of the police.

"'Oh,' I said, 'I am a Salvationist, and I've never had anything to do with the police or the law, will you help me?'



"He Listened Most Attentively, Sitting Bolt Upright."

"'Yes,' he said, 'but first I must take you home to your friends and set their minds at rest.'

"Just then my eyes fell upon my little sledge with the apples. 'Oh,' I said, 'here are the apples, I must take them.'

"'All right,' he replied, 'I'll dump them on the back seat, and you get in the front and we'll go to friend Jarvis at once. But say, what may I call you. I do not know your name, young lady.'

"'My name is Petersen. They call me Captain Petersen where I came from, as I am an officer of the Salvation Army.'

"'I am pleased to meet you, Captain. Do you propose to start Salvation Army work in this locality?'

"'Well, I am here on a visit for the good of my health, but I shall probably do something in the way of conducting meetings before I leave as I shall be here for a few weeks.'

"'I have noticed that you do not appear strong, and that you have a cough too deeply set to have been contracted this season.'

"I looked up into his face and he looked down upon me with such kindness that I felt emboldened to speak to him about God and Salvation.

"Yes, I have a little cough, doctor. I hope it soon will be better. But this is Christmas Day when we celebrate the coming into the world of our Savior, may I ask if He is yours?'

"He seemed a bit confused at the abruptness of the question and said, 'Well, my religion is humanity to man.'

"'But don't you believe in a God?'

"'Well, Captain, I believe in a supreme power. There can be no doubt about that.' We then continued a very earnest conversation on eternal things for a mile or two until we came to a bend in the road when we came face to face with Herb. Jarvis and his mother. Both looked very pale and distressed. Their distress, however, visibly lightened on seeing me with the Doctor.

"'Why, Captain,' he cried, 'Wherever have you been! Poor Myrtle is crazy with fright, and keeps blaming herself for sending you to a stranger in these parts on the apple trip.'

"'But look at her hair,' cried Herb. 'It's as white as yours, mother.'

"Then, of course, the story had to be told over again to the astonishment of my host. It soon spread about the countryside and I became regarded as quite a heroine. Shortly afterward the $3,000 reward was handed to me by the authorities on the capture of the counterfeiters, for in some inexplicable manner the two men returned to the scene of their crime and were captured.

"Then we had meetings a week after Christmas in some of the neighborhood homes, and also in Kickepoo Center. In all there were thirty-three conversions, including the husband of my friend and Dr. Newberry.

"I returned to my corps greatly benefitted by my visit. My cough ultimately disappeared, and you can imagine my Ensign and the Lieutenant financially benefitted by the reward."

This, in brief, is the story told to me by my friend, now a retired officer in Canada.

BEHIND GRAY STONES AND BARRED WINDOWS

(Continued From Page 3.)

he had a shrewd understanding that there would be on Christmas morning some things for him on the tree which he greatly desired, and he danced attendance on his mother with great alacrity and good humor. Things were proceeding in a very pleasant fashion when a timid knock was heard.

"That's Molly," cried the mother, and swiftly she opend the door.

It was indeed Molly. Only four years had passed since she was a happy bride in this same home. But what a contrast there was to that sweet black-eyed, round-faced lassie in that gaunt-faced young woman. All the rouge in the world could not fill the spaces in the hollow cheeks, nor fill out the depths around the sunken eyes. Neither could the evil drugs prevent that hollow cough.

Mother and brother did what they could to make the evening pleasant for the outcast one. Then the hands of the clock pointed to nine, the hour when father might be expected home, so Molly would have to go.

Mother arranged for Molly to come home on New Year's day. On that day father would be away from home. They would have a happy day together.

Home. Molly looked around on the well-beloved scene, the cosy warmth, the bright lights, the comfortable furniture, the Christmas tree and her beloved mother and brother. How it all appealed to her.

She thought of her cheerless and cold hall bedroom, also of her evil associates and she longed to come back home to stay.

"Oh, Mama, I'm so tired and so sick! Can't I come home? Let me stay home with you. I will live a good life, I will try to atone for the past. Only let me come home, Mama."

The scalding tears coursed down the mother's cheeks and made furrows through the powder on the daughter's face. Young Mike's tears also flowed freely. He would love to have his sister stay at home, and on one occasion had begged his Dad to let her come home. But the storm of paternal wrath that followed prevented evermore another act of brotherly intercession.

Mrs. Flaherty feared bodily harm to her daughter if the irate father should find her there, so she besought her to go and to come home again on New Year's day.

"Father is going to regret this. I shall come home some day and then he'll see me carried out," said Milly with great bitterness. On her way to the door, she sat down at the open piano and played a couple of sacred songs that had been favorites in the old days, strangely enough one of them was the old Salvationist's song, "Will There Be Any Stars in My Crown?"

"Well," she said, when she struck the last chord, "tomorrow will be Christmas day. I think I'll go to the Salvation Army. They are the only religious people who care for such as I. Good-bye!"

And she passed out into the cold, dark night.

The mother was stricken to the heart, and the Christmas eve which began so brightly ended in sadness.

But the sorrowing mother looked forward to New Year's day. She cooked a dinner such as Molly loved, and many times went to the window to see if she could behold her daughter coming. But the day passed and Molly came not.

In her despair Molly went to the place where she lived and had recourse to the drugs to deaden her sorrow.

On New Year's eve the police made a raid on the house in search of drugs and drug vendors. Molly and others were taken to the county jail, and so on New Year's day instead of being at home with her mother she was in a prison cell.

On the evening of January 4 the telephone bell rang in the Flaherty home. The County Hospital had called up Michael Flaherty to inform him that his daughter Mollie had died that morning. What were his wishes with respect to the body?

The sorrow-stricken father had the remains of Molly brought home. His daughter's words had been truly prophetic. He now bitterly regretted his conduct, and as he gazed upon his dead daughter he heaped bitter reproaches upon himself. It was pitiful to see him in his grief.

The funeral was a sad affair. She was taken away to the cemetery. Of her we say as the poet has said of a similar character:

"Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Savior."

CONCLUSION.

MRS. COLONEL DAMON, after hearing of the death of Molly felt an irresistible urge to go and see her mother. The hospital authorities had obtained from the sick girl the address of her parents and from them Mrs. Damon obtained it and accompanied by an officer she visited the house.

Mrs. Flaherty was surprised to see two ladies in Salvation Army uniform standing at her door and showed it. But when Mrs. Damon intimated that they had seen her daughter Molly, surprise gave place to supreme interest and they were eagerly invited in.

Tears streamed down the mother's face as she listened to the story of Molly's acceptance of Christ, and at its conclusion, she flung her arms around Mrs. Damon and thanked her for the comfort that she had brought to her broken heart. Never would she, for the rest of her life, fail to thank God for letting the Salvationists be with her daughter in her last hours.

When her emotions had subsided she told to Mrs. Damon the story which is contained in the foregoing.

Just one story of the work that is done by the Salvation Army for those who are doing time behind gray walls and barred windows.—J. Bond..

THOU SHALT CAL

By Commander

EVANGELINE BOOTH
Author of This Article.

MUCH CARE must be exercised in the interpretation of Shakespeare's immortal question, "What's in a name?" if the answer is to be given with any semblance of discrimination or judgment. A mere negation is certainly not sufficient, for sometimes the whole story is in a name. A man's name becomes so inseparably identified with his life and character that it may be regarded as a sort of miniature biography, with the high spots for good or evil starred in the preface. Or it may be likened to a face by which he is unmistakably and universally recognized.

There are names we cannot hear without a shudder; and there are names whose beloved cadences fall on our ears like divinely sacred music and are an inspiration to all men. Among these latter may be mentioned *"mother,"* the sum of all life's blessings; *"friend,"* sweetest flower of altruism; *"the baby,"* which vibrates perhaps the finest and most sensitive chords of the human heart.

Then there are the great names that stand out like mountain peaks in the long history of man.

Some Great Names

Moses, for all time, stands for exalted personal integrity, for constructive statesmanship, for legislation founded on the principles of eternity and sublime faith in God. Of *David,* the sweet singer of Israel, we invariably recall God's declaration that he was a man after His own heart. *Paul,* to whom was revealed the secret of secrets, the omnipotence of divine love, is synonymous with divine revelation. *Alexander the Great,* with all his glory, portrays the pitiable limitations of mere human ambition. *Nero,* "one compound of mud and blood" as his people called him, is a synonym for bestial brutality. When we hear such name as *Peter the Hermit, Savonarola, Wycliff, Luther,* we behold again the undimmed torches of truth with which they defied the darkness of superstition, overcame false doctrine, heresy and schism, and blazed a trail throughout the ages for the progress of the Christian faith.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

At the name of *Washington* our pulses leap with enthusiastic patriotism, and before our mental vision there rises the noble form of that "statesman, soldier, patriot, sage, reviser of creeds, teacher of truth and justice, achiever and preserver of liberty; the first of men, founder and savior of his country, father of his people, solitary and unapproachable in his grandeur." The name of *Abraham Lincoln* will ever stand for the two greatest forces of national life — liberty and union. Such a name as Frances Willard compels us to bow in reverence and admiration for the intellectual breadth and spiritual powers of her sex, and in the realization of her message her memory will ever be monumental in the homes of America. Who can hear the name of *William Booth,* Founder of the Salvation Army, and not read the man, the life, the service to the world, of the "Apostle of the Poor."

But there is one Name transcendently unique in the wealth of its suggestion and meaning. A Name presaged before birth and heralded above all others; a Name that made heaven and earth to stand in inexpressible and mysterious wonderment while angelic choirs proclaimed its natal morn. A Name that flashed in the meteor that swung over Bethlehem hills, and led the Magi of the East to cross the desert trails that they might behold Him. A Name that pierced the hard nature of Herod and convulsed his throne with fear. A Name despised by the Pharisaical magnates of Jerusalem, but crowned by the lowly fishermen of Galilee as the Promised of the Lord Most High.

Wherever this Name has traveled it has abolished the inhuman practices of heathen worship. It has broken the cords that bound the girl-widow to the funeral pyre. It has delivered little children from yawning-mouthed crocodiles. It has penetrated the black pall of superstition and swept the midnight sky of heathendom with a blaze which all the powers of sin and hell can never extinguish.

And by what reason have such signs followed the progress of this Name in its starlike course through the ages? The answer is writ in the language of heaven, in the fulfilment of prophecy. It is the Name of the Only Begotten of the Father, the supreme expression of the Divine Will for man's everlasting destiny—in all ages, for all colors and all creeds. And just as the rays of the sun, in innumerable billions, come millions of miles in night-dispelling energy till not a vestige of darkness is left to mar the splendor of its meridian glory, so this Name of Jesus will dispell all darkness from the souls and lives of men.

"Thou shalt call His name Jesus: for He shall save His people from their sins."

God Almighty's Shalt

"Thou," addressed to Joseph: thus the Divine purpose imposes human obligation. This is God's way, God's law, from the beginning. *"Shalt,"* it appears to me that this *"shalt"* is an imperative assertion made by Jehovah, and that it is a very serious matter to interfere with it. There was no alternative, no need for family discussion, no other name preceding and no other name following. Through all the realms of glory, through all the caverns of the lost, through the length and breadth of earth, His Name forevermore is *Jesus!* That "shalt" of Almighty God remains for all time.

"Call"—tell it out—proclaim it from Zion's hill, in the valley of Jehosophat, on Mount Olivet, in the Temple of Diana, in the slave marts of Europe, in the black holes of heathendom, in the royal corridors of kings and emperors, in the lowest regions of the wretched; wherever men huddle t
tell it out!

"His Name"—it is H
personality; it proclaims
divinity. It is the Name
His birth, life, death, res
at the Throne of the Fa

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and be satisfied."

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What is wrong with t
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L HIS NAME JESUS

Evangeline Booth

ogether in misery and sin—

is own Name; it defines His
His infinity; it declares His
by which we shall ever honor
urrection and mediatory place
ther in the skies—JESUS.
ot yet fully answered. There
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riotic Ring

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and rulers to the people He
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into civil belligerency, how
their enemies, shattered and
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ee of the travail of His soul

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nsive. "*God so loved the*
only begotten Son that who-
should not perish, but have
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he world? It is not lack of
th of man against man, na-
ere is a sense in which that
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Neither is that which is wrong with the world a lack of law and order. Regrettable as disorder is, it is not so rampant today as it has been in the history of peoples centuries gone by. One of the wonders of our time is the peaceable and orderly life of the millions of peoples in our great cities. Now, run up the gamut of our civilization's activities and you cannot ascribe the cause of the world's unrest to any specific ill—economic, social, or commercial. The world's chief need is still to be found in the human heart.

The densely materialized brains of Juda would have hailed even the Nazarene had He proclaimed the overthrow of the Romans and the restoration of the Kingdom of Israel. But what permanent good would a material kingdom have been in overcoming a spiritual Caesar? The empire to be overthrown was in possession of the human will. Hence the Lord's cry, "Thy Kingdom come!" Unseen, but almighty; set not in wealth or material power, but love-enthroned, a kingdom from everlasting to everlasting, with God as King.

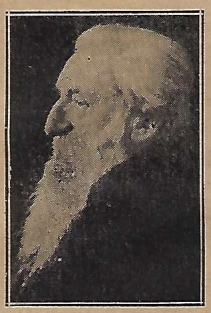
Jesus, King of Kings

Jesus is the Name above all others, because He saves from sin. He goes to the root of all evil, all tyranny, all disorder—sin. He has conquered this imperious monster that wrecks humanity, and He ever lives to realize in every surrendered life the glory of the triumph. The venom of the sting He entirely extracts, the leprous disease He completely cures. The Saviorhood of Jesus is sufficient.

Jesus is the name above all others because He made Himself partner with us in our sufferings, He "tasted death for every man." Few kings know their kingdoms, fewer still their subjects. But Jesus knows us all. He knows us not only as a people, a nation, a church, a society; he knows us individually. He knows our weaknesses, our temptations, our trials, our fears, our failures, our physical ailments, our mental doubts, our shipwrecked hopes, for "even the very hairs of your head are all numbered." This we have upon His own word; and Paul says also that He is "not one who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we, yet without sin."

Jesus is the Name above all others because it promises most for the world. He is the Executive of heaven and earth. He is the dispenser of the gifts and graces of the Comforter; He bestows the Holy Spirit. His promises anticipate every need. If a deliverer arose in London tomorrow promising work for England's unemployed, he would be proclaimed greater than all the monarchs that have been crowned in Westminster Abbey. But here is Jesus, King of Kings and Lord of Lords, whose power enables us to overcome all evil. In His hands we become the subjects of a science that turns the bitter into sweet, the evil into good, and death into the messenger of life.

Jesus is our Mediator. The short span of His life on earth, from the manger to the Cross, has forged an inseverable link between man and God. With one hand He takes hold of Omnipotence, and with the other He lifts up frail and broken humanity. By His divinity He is God's Son; by His humanity He is our Elder Brother. He will safeguard all the claims of God, for He has filial relationship with Him; He will have understanding sympathy with us, for He "is acquainted with our griefs." Heaven charged Him with its momentous, unparalleled mission, but He never lost sight of our interests, and to save our souls from death He flung His broken body across the yawning gap of our destruction. Through Him we know the Divine Mind and understand the glory of our destiny. Why then should I hesitate to lay all life's cares and mistakes and sins and troubles at His feet?



WILLIAM BOOTH

Jesus is the Name above all others because it saves from sin. The Magdalen fell at His feet in humble contrition and love. The Woman of Samaria ran all excited to the men of the city, saying: "*Come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ?*" He is the sinner's Savior. He has the knowledge, the power, and the passion of a Savior. He understands sin, its awfulness, its peril and its pain. Men catalogue and condemn the enormity of the *act*: Jesus takes into account the strength of the tempter, and comes with power to save the soul which left to itself is inevitably lost. I call upon all the saints on earth, and all the redeemed in heaven to lift with me hallelujahs! Ten thousand hallelujahs!

Heaven Measured

The Bible records that an angel one day measured heaven. I can see that rod jewelled in the sun that never grows old. All along the golden highways He measured, all along the sea of glass, all along the walls of jasper—from portal to portal—hundreds of miles around, as the Bible estimates. Although the account be figurative, what a wonderful home it is that Jesus is preparing for us. And it is a better heaven now, than when John wrote of it. A multitude of the redeemed have passed in since then. My mother is there—my father is there! Your loved ones are there. But best of all, Jesus is there! We shall sit down by the waters of the river of life, o'erhung by the tree bearing the twelve manner of fruits, the leaves of which tree are for the healing of the nations. We shall not want for anything all through eternity. No suffering will draw the features, no discord will jar the ear, no fears will grip the heart, no tears will blind the eyes. *Jesus will be there!* Always there. Eternal summer — eternal joy—eternal love.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Jesus is the Name above all others because it is the stupendous, incontrovert-

(Continued on Page 12.)

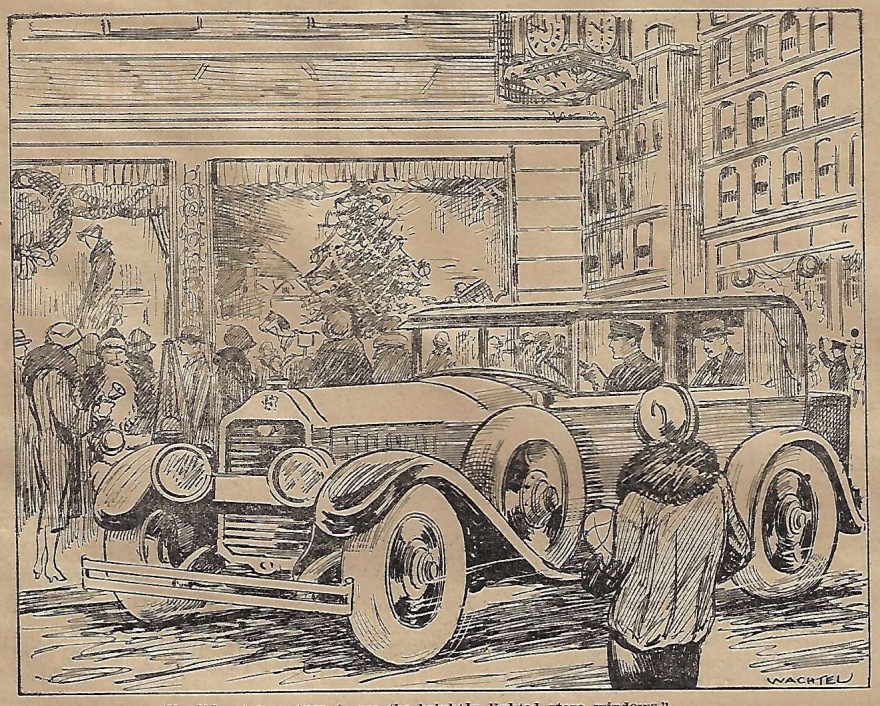
Lawyer Brereton---Why He Refused

By Colonel Alexander M. Damon

THE DOOR of the elevator clashed, the smartly uniformed boy pushed a lever and the conveyance started upward with its load of passengers. There was an air of joyousness among the group. The rustle of the ladies' furs and the glistening of melting snow-drops on the men's overcoats, together with fragments of conversation from the female section, concerning mysterious Christmas shopping expeditions, lent that festive atmosphere that precedes Christmas, weeks before the great day has actually arrived.

There were, however, two passengers in the elevator who did not look particularly jubilant. One was a blue-uniformed Salvation Army lassie, and the other a quiet-faced gentleman. Both alighted as the door of the elevator swung open to let them step out onto the marble floor of the long corridor.

The gentleman walked briskly ahead and presently turned in through a huge glass door. His was a personality that demanded notice, even in a crowded elevator. And more than one passerby paused in the corridor of the Dellworth building to watch the passing of the distinguished-looking person. Some went so far as to walk back and scrutinize the formidable appearing door, whereon was written to the satisfaction of their curiosity, Humphrey G. Brereton, Lawyer. Brereton was a clever man, but as an acquaintance he was somewhat of a disappointment. He was stern of manner, quiet, and in what might have been luminous eyes there lurked the shadow of unhappiness and restlessness. It was there now.



"He did not even turn to see the brightly lighted store windows."

The little Salvationist who stepped into the corridor at the same time as Brereton, lacked jubilance of demeanor for other reasons than those of Brereton. She was quite a young woman, very young in fact, scarcely more than a girl and she wore the single row of red braid around the center of her collar, with two neat S's denoting that she hailed from the Training College. Over her arm the girl carried a bundle of War Crys.

Cadet Darter's arrival at the Training Home was without incident, and the first week of work and study passed off smoothly. There seemed nothing objectionable in the work she was called upon to do. But one day she had been assigned the task of selling War Crys in the business district of the large city. It would not have been so bad she reflected to go from house to house, especially if she could have gone among the poorer classes, whom she knew would have welcomed her coming and the words of blessing which fell from her lips so naturally. But these men. It was different somehow. They were so busy, so efficient, so crisp and curt in their answers. Surely it was foolish for a Salvationist to go into the offices of these men weighed down by a thousand business cares, and request them to "buy a War Cry." She felt alone and very forlorn as she tapped on the glass door bearing the name of Lawyer Brereton.

He looked up sharply from the folders he was handling

"What do you want?" he snapped, his bright eyes glowing with angry impatience.

"Would you like to buy a War Cry?" she asked softly—unobtrusively—and not very confidently.

"No!" he said, and there was a finality about it that would have forbidden further attempts from a far bolder woman than Cadet Darter.

The girl's delicate face was flushed as she left the office, and in her heart she decided never to call there again. But the following week, something seemed to tell her to call. She did so, but with the same result as previously. Four times she called, but each time received the same irritable refusal. Perhaps it was not the same either, for the lawyer was growing annoyed at the persistence of the Cadet.

Christmas drew near. Two weeks would bring it.

Now it happened that simultaneously one morning Lawyer Brereton and Cadet Darter left their respective abodes, a bachelor apartment, and the Training College.

The lawyer left for his office, was conveyed thither in a luxurious, gray car whose long body swung gracefully through the snow-covered streets. But the lawyer's face was sad. He lacked friends; lacked capacity to make friends. He did not even turn to see the brightly lighted store windows displaying costly gifts, nor the tinsel decorations. His heart was heavy.

But with Cadet Darter, coming down the Training College steps a bundle of Christmas War Crys over her arm it was different. She did not mind selling War Crys in the business district today. Christmas meant more to her than selling Christmas War Crys, or standing on the street corner with a red kettle. It meant going home to a splendid dad and lovely mother and three small brothers who would welcome her with jubilant yells. It meant more than this—Christmas meant the birth of the Savior of the world.

"Only two weeks," she reflected happily, when she entered the Dellworth building, slipped into the elevator and out again on the tenth floor to start her rounds.

As she approached the lawyer's door she felt the old feeling of nervousness returning. What if he were consulting a client? Or dictating? But a voice within seemed to bid her enter. With a silent prayer, she tapped lightly and entered.

Before she got a chance to speak, the lawyer drew his brows together and stormed, "No! I don't want a War Cry. I don't want you to come here any more! Go!"

And very meekly Cadet Darter retreated.

But she did not continued to retreat. She commenced to soliloquize a little. Surely the man must dislike the organization. There must be a reason. Sudden courage came to her, and she decided to go back and ask him why he disliked the Salvation Army.

At her entrance the lawyer looked up in amazement. Not often people ignored his commands, and he was surprised that this quiet, gentle woman should do so. "You here again?" he thundered . "Didn't I tell you not to come ever any more?"

"You did," answered the lassie, and her voice was clear and confident, "but I came back to ask you just why you don't like me to come. What have you against the organization and the paper?"

There was a pause. The frown which overshadowed Brereton's countenance vanished, and in a much softer, even gentle tone, he replied, "I don't want you to come here again, because you make me unhappy!"

"Unhappy?" queried the girl, mystified.

"Yes, you remind me of my past life."

"Were you a Christian once?" gently.

"Yes," the man told her, "I was a Christian once, but I am without hope now. I have gone so far that I am surely lost. From the moment I saw you in the elevator that morning several weeks ago, I have been getting more and more miserable."

The harsh voice had lost its rasp, grown gentle, quiet, husky—and now it trailed away, and the dignified lawyer laid his head upon his arms, humbly in the presence of the little woman.

Simply, but clearly, she assured him that there was hope. She reminded him of the coming Christmas, the birthday of Jesus, the Light and Hope of the world. Silence reigned again, broken only by the clicking of a typewriter in the next room and the sighs of the wretched man. Then he said, "There is no hope for me, no light, no salvation."

There was nothing to say, so the Cadet with tear-filled eyes whispered softly, "He has promised, 'I will heal all your backslidings and love you freely.' He will if you will let Him."

She turned and walked noiselessly from the office.

* * *

Another week passed. Only one more week of War Cry selling and then Christmas. So thought the Cadet as she sallied forth again, War Crys over her arm. This time she marched bravely into the office of the lawyer. He was seated at his desk, and he looked up expectantly as she entered. His face was pale, but there was a great light in his handsome eyes that seemed to illumine his face. With a ringing voice, he told her, "I have found Christ again. He is mine. He has forgiven me!" He held out his hand and wrung her small one gratefully, "and I thank you for it. I wish you a joyful Christmas. Mine will be the most joyful yet!"

* * *

The name on the glass door is gone now. The lawyer of repute is a lawyer no longer. His name appears in the Lamb's Book of Life. He no longer pleads the cause of the defendant or the plaintiff. He preaches the Great Advocate with God, and the need of preparation for that great day when all men shall stand before the Bar of Justice.

And the Cadet? She is an officer who knows that War Cry selling is a God-given privilege, an opportunity for leading men and women to the Christ of the Manger.

Thou Shall Call His Name Jesus

(Continued From Page 11.)

ible, heaven-superlative fact of the universe.

We migrate today from the shores of the Stars and Stripes, and following the star set in the heaven of His will, we find again the Babe in the Manger. Blessed, holy Babe! We kneel by the crude grass basket that lies in the feeding bin and behold in the brow of Mary's Child the glory of our King; no, sweeter far, we read the Promise of God—the Bread of Heaven—Jesus our Savior, our Pardon-bringer, our Redeemer and Friend! We return to this land of liberty, this glorious diamond of jewelled states, and look out the mangers where lie the poor and the outcast, the sick and the suffering. We kneel by their cots and upon their foreheads we trace the reflection of Bethlehem's glory — Jesus the world's Redeemer!

This is the work of the Salvation Army in the United States of America. It was for this high office I was commissioned "The Commander," the title by which I am known as the leader of our organized forces; but at this kindly season, Christmas, which brings human affection to its highest tide, my heart abounds with goodwill and the spirit of oneness with all men. Let me not then upon this day, when all minds are upon Bethlehem's Manger, be thought of as The Commander, but as one equal with my people in the divine bonds of loving friendship and service made possible by the new-born King. If God so loves us, let us so love one another.

The MAD CAP

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY By X. O.

CHAPTER I.

IN A pleasant apartment, half smoking-room, a man was seated at a desk, his face set and stern while he scanned a sheet of paper he had just withdrawn from an envelope his wife had brought him.

"Here is Gwenneth's latest school report," he remarked, handing it to his wife while he turned his attention to the letter accompanying it. Mrs. Quinton drew up a chair and began to read the report. As she read her expression changed, becoming grave and sad, and she glanced anxiously at her husband. With a muttered exclamation of annoyance he then passed the letter across to Gwenneth's mother; it was brief and to the point, and ran as follows:

"Dear Mr. Quinton: Enclosed find Gwenneth's school report which is, I regret to say, far from satisfactory. In fact, it is with real sorrow and disappointment that I must, in the interests of my other pupils, request you to kindly remove her from school. The child is most intelligent but absolutely refuses to learn, her whole mind seems concentrated upon planning wild escapades and she is the ringleader of every bit of lawlessness among the girls. Her influence is so strong that several parents have written to the effect that should Gwenneth return here next term they will remove their daughters from this school. Believe me, I am sincerely grieved to be obliged to write to you in this strain.

"Yours very truly,

"ELIZABETH LESTER."

A few days later Gwenneth came home for her holidays, and received a severe reprimand from her parents, who also informed her that she would remain at home and share the lessons of the girl next door, a gentle, well conducted child at the age of fourteen, who had a governess, and very sedate, was deemed to be an eminently suitable companion for her.

For three weeks all went well, then one day Gwen was missing from afternoon lessons; no one had seen her since dinner time when she had gone off with a skipping rope, presumably to play with her friend and fellow pupil. The Mundays like the Quintons, had only one child, so the two girls spent most of their playtime together. Mr. Munday had a horse and a trap and the groom-gardener lived close to the stables. This man possessed an extremely bad tempered wife, and already she and Gwen had become foes. On the afternoon Gwen did not appear for lessons, Mrs. Jinks had found some verses attached to her door of which the following is a sample:

"There was once a woman by the name of Mrs. J——
Whose greatest delight was to scold all the day;
From morning to evening you'd hear her tongue wagging.
For dear Mrs. J—— was eternally nagging."

Looking around her after reading the verses Mrs. Jinks heard smothered laughter, apparently coming from the stable, and the angry woman rushed to the door just in time to see a long tan leg disappear into the loft.

"All right, my lady, we'll see who laughs last and longest!" And Mrs. Jinks promptly removed the ladder leaving Gwenneth a prisoner in the hay loft.

Thinking that Gwen had been detained by her mother, Miss Eaton proceeded with Connie's lessons as usual. Just before three o'clock a dishevelled object with part of her frock missing, appeared in the schoolroom. "Sorry, Miss Eaton, but got on the stable roof from the loft and tried to get down by the means of a big tree, and one of the branches was rotten and broke. I nearly fell, but got stuck instead, and couldn't get down. Then the vicar came along on his bicycle and helped me down."

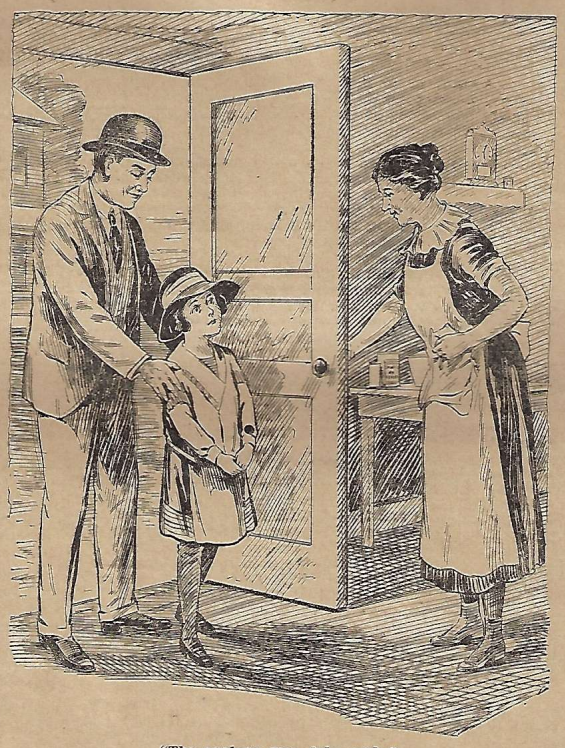
"Oh, Gwenneth, what will you do next?" said Miss Eaton. "Well, I cannot have you at lessons as you look now, so you had better go home and tidy yourself."

When Gwen had reached home she was told that her father wished to see her in his study. On arriving there she found that Mrs. Jinks had preceded her and had lodged her complaint. Gwen invariably owned up to her misdeeds, and did so frankly on this occasion.

"You must tell Mrs. Jinks you are sorry for your rudeness," said Mr. Quinton.

"But, father, I'm not a bit sorry," retorted Gwen. "Oh, you should have seen her face when she read the paper. It is worth being punished for. I'll never forget her look. Anyway, it is true, she is bad tempered and ugly."

Gwen's tea that day consisted of bread and water and she was sent to bed at six p. m. The next morning her mother said to her, "Gwenneth, Jinks has given Mr. Munday notice, he is a valuable servant and you must go and apologize to his wife, I cannot have my friends inconvenienced by the antics of a rude, silly child."



"The apology was duly made."

"But I'm not sorry," persisted Gwen, "and if I'm naughty I at least don't tell stories. It is dishonorable to say your sorry if you're not."

"Gwenneth," replied her mother, very gravely, "you need not say you are sorry; it will suffice if you admit that you were extremely rude and promise that for the future you will try to show better sense than to indulge in such illbred pranks. "That much I insist upon your saying and doing," added Mr. Quinton. He personally accompanied his little daughter to Mrs. Jinks' cottage, and, as the person on earth whom Gwen feared was her father, the apology was duly made.

During the months that followed life flowed along fairly calmly. Connie studied hard, and under the tactful but firm management of their really gifted young teacher, even Gwenneth appeared to have quieted down slightly, and showed some interest in her lessons.

SUMMER was well advanced when Mrs. Quinton one day told her daughter that she was going to take her to spend a couple of months at the seaside. This news caused great rejoicing, and many were the plans she and Connie made when they discovered that the Mundays were going to the same place. A very real friendship had sprung up between the two girls despite their difference in temperament and tastes, but they had one common interest which kept them much together in their play hours, for both were keenly ambitious to be able to sketch well. Connie's paintings were like herself, neat and conventional. Gwen's were bolder in outline, more vivid in coloring, and the little would-be artist, by the time her work was finished, had as much paint on herself as she had upon the canvas, hands, dress and even hair and face bore testimony to the energy of her efforts.

One day, while Connie was deep in a book, and Gwen, bare-legged and happy, was hunting for sea anemones among the rocks, a number of people arrived at the scene, opened a small organ and began to sing, while two of their number went around among the children distributing leaflets and inviting the youngsters to a children service. Connie went at once, but Gwenneth carelessly replied, "No, thank you, I'm busy getting things for my aquarium," and quietly strolled away.

Later in the day Connie announced that the children's special service mission had invited her to a garden party on the afternoon of the morrow.

"Will they play tennis or will they pray and sing all the time?"

"Oh, we're going to have all sorts of games," said Connie, "and a fine tea party under the trees and there will be a little meeting and all the children who love Jesus are going to stand up and tell us they do. They call it 'testifying,' and I have never seen anything like that, have you, Gwen?"

"No, I think I will go to the service tomorrow morning and then perhaps they'll invite me, too. It will look silly to me to see a lot of kids aping parsons, I mustn't miss the fun."

Before the close of the mission Connie and Gwen had both professed conversion, and, for a time at least, Gwenneth appeared to be a changed girl. In Connie's heart a definite work had been done, but sad to say in Gwen's case it was only a passing feeling, seed sown upon shallow ground.

(To Be Continued.)

The Work of a Woman's Home and Hospital

(Continued From Page 4.)

Poor little Ruth—little unwanted babe. What would have been her future if these foolish young people could have carried out their futile schemes for secrecy.

The foregoing facts will serve to show the need of such an institution. In the fifteen central states that compose the Central Territory the Army has ten of these Homes and Hospitals, with an aggregate accommodation for 435 mothers and 280 babies.

It also shows the character of the work done in the lives of those who come within its sphere of influence. The inmates are taught to live godly in Christ Jesus, and I was truly thankful to see in the meeting the very large number who testified to being saved by raising their hands.

They are also instructed in those things in which their mothers should have counseled them, and to look after their babies. Some of them are so pitifully young and ignorant. In one of our hospitals there were at one time three prospective mothers under fifteen—two of them having been brought into that condition by their young brothers; the third was rendered such by a fourteen-year-old boy. These things were not the result of vicious surroundings, because they came from most respectable homes. But there is no doubt it all came through sex ignorance and sex instincts. There is a crying need for proper counsel on these matters.

In these ten institutions Christmas will be observed in a merry fashion, and we hope that our readers will remember the inmates in their prayers that God may use their stay in the homes for their eternal good.

THE CONVERSION OF NISH WISH TIN

AN ASSINIBOINE BRAVE

From An Indian Village, Situated Well Within the Forest, Came the Sound of Evening Life.

PART I.

IT WAS a bright autumn evening in Northern Manitoba. The air had in it just enough frost to give it a bracing crispness, and the leaves were beginning to turn from golden red to brown preparatory to falling. Squirrels still chattered among the tree-tops and scampered along the ground, gathering nuts by the slowly-fading light.

From an Indian village, situated well within the forest, came the sound of evening life. Groups of children played among the lodges and under the trees, while a pack of half-savage sleigh-dogs wrangled over some scattered refuse. From the cooking fires, where the squaws were preparing the evening meals, came the savory odor of broiling trout and venison; while the numerous pelts which hung on drying-boards from the tepee-poles, showed that the hunting season had, thus far, been very favorable. In front of the big Council Lodge a group of braves were standing listening to the recital of two of their number who had just returned from a visit to the trading post, far to the southward.

"What say you, Wotaski! You stayed to listen at a preaching council of the pale-face? Care you then so much for the religion of the white men that you should tarry at the post four days merely to give ear to their gabblings?" asked, in sarcastic tones, a tall Indian who wore the silver ornaments of a sub-chief.

"But they were remarkable preachers, Nish-wish-tin," earnestly replied the person who had been addressed. "They wore caps and red shirts much like the soldiers of the great king and carried and beat a big drum that was three times larger than the medicine drum of the Assiniboines. They were also called an Army. But when they spoke it was explained that they fought not as the king's soldiers do, with rifle and sabre, but with prayer-words and songs and preaching fought they for Jesus Christ, the God of the pale-faces, whom, they declared, loved also the red-men, and had died that all might believe on Him, and be delivered from evil-doing and the power of bad spirits. Wonderfully interesting were the things they said. And so we lingered, Tikana here, and I, and also Unoka. And the strangest part of it all was that on the last night of their preaching, Unoka, after many groans, as if he had been in pain, went out to their prayer-bench, and there wept and cried like a woman. After much song, and many words spoken to their Manitou, our comrade stood upon his feet and declared that he had found peace of heart through their God. And all the way home the man has been like one who walks on air, and neither I nor Tikana could provoke him to a quarrel, but he answered us ever by smiles and soft words instead of blows."

At this account of the change of Unoka, the quarrelsome, a murmur of surprise ran round the group. But Nish-wish-tin put in scornfully, "Huh! Unoka has become a woman. Waugh! I want no more to do with such sick babies as you are." And with these words he turned on his heel and strode away with a disgusted air to his teepee.

One or two others followed the angry heathen's example. But most of the group remained, for was not old Inkisa, the head chief of the village, a man famed through the entire tribe for his wisdom-speaking? His words were words of moderation.

"I know something of those people of the red shirts and the great drum.

"For myself, I cling to the religion of my fathers. But if there are any who, like Unoka, feel in their hearts a longing for this Salvation-doctrine, it seems only fair that they should be permitted to do as they think fit. I, at least, see no harm that can come to them or to the tribe from their following such a course; nor do I see the wisdom of reviling men for worshiping as they feel in their hearts they ought." Then, wrapping his blanket majestically about him, the old warrior strode away to his own lodge, where his squaw had begun to lay out the vension-steaks on the birch-bark chips which served as plates.

Most of the tribesmen, however, still lingered to hear more of the strange religion which seemed to have wrought such a transformation in their erstwhile drunken and quarrelsome comrade. Readily did Unoka expound all that he had learned of Army teaching and the Christian faith, telling his hearers how those who would serve Jesus and gain eternal life, must not kill, nor steal, nor gamble, nor strike back, nor drink fire-water, and must be kind to those in distress. "But," he added, "I am going to learn more. For I met at the post a pale-faced settler, one who is called McKenzie, and who has taken a government grant (homestead) at Loon Lake, and is moving there now with his family and goods and horses. He is of the Salvation brethren, and seems to be a good and holy man. He has invited me to come often to his house and bring with me such others of the tribe as may wish to come, in order that we may learn more about Jesus and the way to Heaven."

"Yes, and he has with him a great yellow dog—big almost as a cinnamon bear; which they told us was of wonderful wisdom, and could find its way in the thickest of blizzards, even as a musk-rat finds its way under the water," broke in Tikana, one of the Indians who had been Unoka's companion on the recent trip.

"The dogs of the pale-face settler are not of particular interest, Tikana," answered another of the tribe, "but if he can tell us more about this mighty religion that can make evil-hearted men good, I, for one, would not object to paying a visit to his house."

"Agreed," cried another, and another. And so it came about, although it was a good five hours' journey from the village over to the Loon Lake district, that frequent trips were made during the rest of the autumn and the ensuing winter to the home of the Salvationist settler, Donald McKenzie. And that faithful Soldier of the Cross, with his good wife, recognizing the opportunity as one sent from God, rejoiced at it; and, with much earnest prayer for help and guidance, bent their energies to the work of teaching and dealing with those poor, benighted barbarians.

Before the winter had half gone, four others of the tribe, including Unoka's own wife, had sought and obtained pardon for their sins through Jesus' Blood, and testified to His saving power. Many others appeared to be under deep conviction, and it certainly seemed as if God had begun a mighty work among those ignorant savages in that Northern forest.

Only Nish-wish-tin, and a few of his hangers-on, tried to oppose the progress of the Gospel among their companions. One night when he was especially blatant, Unoka stepped up to him, and laying a hand gently on his arm, said earnestly, "Brother, may God in His mercy forgive you for your evil words, and look with pity upon you in the hour when you call to Him for help."

The sub-chief's white teeth gleamed in an angry snarl, and his hand dropped toward his knife. But something seemed to restrain him, and he contented himself with answering in sarcastic tones, "Whenever I call for help on your God, or on your pale-face deceivers, or the 'dog-which-travels-in-storms,' then put Nish-wish-tin down for a sick old woman like you, and say that he has become a Prayer Soldier, too; but not till then." And shaking off the detaining hand, he disappeared into the night.

PART II.

It was the last day of February, and the Indian village still lay wrapped in its winter inactivity.

The morning broke dull and gray, with such a chill in the muggy air that most of the Indians wrapped their blankets closer about them and glanced apprehensively at the leaden sky. Only Nish-wish-tin, who had been particularly successful in his trapping operations during the winter, began to gather up a bundle of his best furs, preparatory to a trip to the trading post. Several men gathered near the door of his lodge, and one ventured to remark: "You expect to go to the post today, Nish-wish-tin?"

"So, yes!" was the somewhat sharp answer. "I never saw the threat of snowstorm yet which would keep me back when my plans were made to start." No one said anything more until old Inkisa, the veteran head-chief, strolled up to the lodge, and, after a look at the sky, remarked with a shake of the head and in broken English—"Ugh! heap big snow come. Nish-wish-tin better stay in."

Nish-wish-tin rose to his feet in silence, with a scowl on his face, and shouldering his pack and rifle, was just about to set forth on his journey when Unoka stepped through the crowd and once again laid a detaining hand on his arm. The sub-chief would have pushed him angrily away, but there was that in Unoka's eyes which made him stop and listen, while the other, speaking earnestly and in ringing tones, said, "Hearken, brother, yonder on the prairie, in the white night of the blizzard, when all other help shall have failed, call you upon the God whom I and Salvationists serve, for He alone is mighty to save in the hour of need.

Slipping his hand from its mitten, Nish-wish-tin reached into his bosom and drew forth the magic amulet of which he had boasted so often, and, holding it before the other's face, cried fiercely: "This is all the God I want, or ever expect to have; and when it shall fail, and my totem charms prove insufficient, then let me die in the snow; for no other power exists there to help Nish-wish-tin—none," and replacing the amulet he glided away through the forest with a long, swinging stride that soon took him out of sight of the village.

Two hours slipped by, the haze had come very close and grown much denser. The snowflakes also began to glide through the air. Nish-wish-tin realized that it was only a question of a few minutes when he would be enveloped in the blinding swirl of the storm, and he knew that it would be necessary at once to obtain bearings by which he could trace his course after the air had become full of snow. Hurrying to the nearest rise of ground he looked eagerly in the direction in which he knew the post lay, and carefully noted the position of each projecting shrub, and of every declivity and hollow.

Scarcely had he completed his "look," when, with a rush of eddying flakes, followed by a drive of blinding snow, the blizzard was upon him.

Catching the direction of the wind, so that he might keep it bearing at the proper angle upon his body, and thus direct his way by it, Nish-wish-tin plunged forward before the storm. But thicker and ever thicker came the driving snow. Neither did the wind blow steadily in one direction, but whirled and eddied and tossed the finely-powdered stuff in so many different ways and drove it into his face and eyes with such blinding fury that even to the experienced Indian guide—trained to battle with the

storms of winter—it became a matter of very great difficulty to maintain his course. The tempest was about him like a great wall of white through which it was impossible to see more than a few feet. Before he had walked twenty minutes he became aware that he had lost his bearings.

For the first time in his whole life a great sickening fear chilled his soul as he realized that he, Nish-wish-tin, the mighty hunter, the skilled trapper, and the unerring guide, was lost in the blizzard as hopelessly as if he had been only a pale-face schoolboy.

What was he to do? There was only one thing left; and that, in the present instance, was but a faint hope. It was to discard his pack and rifle, set his back to the wind, and snowshoe easily before it in the chance of wearing out the storm—the last resort of an Indian in a blizzard. It was but the work of a few moments to divest himself of his valued rifle and the furs which had cost him so much time and hard work to secure. Throwing them regretfully on the ground he swung round to drive with the storm across the prairie. As the afternoon dragged by, and there was no indication that shelter was anywhere near, his last remnant of courage melted slowly away. His strength was giving out, his feet seemed like lead, so that he could hardly lift his snowshoes. He had no idea how far he had come, nor where he was. He knew only that the short winter day was almost gone, and the fury of the blizzard seemingly increasing; while the power of the cold, numbing, and stiffening, and deadly, was growing upon him more and more.

Then his snowshoe struck a projecting bush, and he pitched forward on his hands and knees. When he tried to rise, he found that he no longer had the strength to do so. Must he die there in the snow like a sick dog? Not if the gods of his fathers would come to his aid. No! And raising himself faintly on one hand, he drew out the magic amulet he had displayed so boastingly that morning, and holding it up in his stiffened fingers, cried aloud thus: "O mighty spirits that my fathers have worshiped, if there be any virtue or power in you at all, help me now!" He listened intently, but only the howling of the storm replied. He tried to rise, but found himself weaker than before, while the terrible drowsiness, whose meaning he knew only too well, was beginning to creep upon him. And so with one despairing sob he flung the amulet from him with the last remnant of his strength, and sinking forward on his face he groaned aloud, "There is no help left. They have all failed, all!"

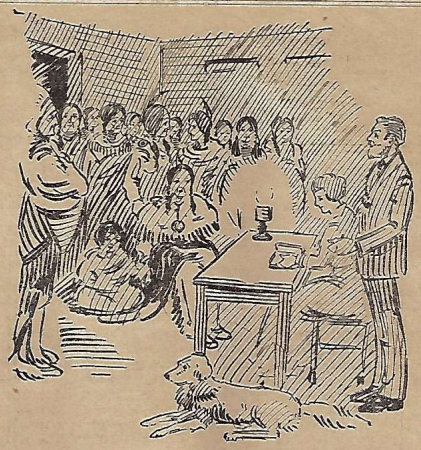
"Hearken, Nish-wish-tin! Yonder on the prairie, in the white night of the blizzard, when all other help shall have failed, call yet upon the God whom I and Salvationists serve: for He alone is mighty to save in the hour of need."

Where had he heard those words? and why did they come to him now. Oh, yes. It was Unoka who had spoken them at parting that morning. And, as Nish-wish-tin remembered, there came into his heart a conviction of the awful folly of his unbelief, and the

"This Is All the God I Want."

wickedness of his opposition to the truth. With the conviction came the hope that even the God whom he had so long rejected, and fought against, might yet have mercy upon him in this hour of his terrible need. And lying there in the snow, unable to rise, he lifted his heart and voice into one last half-hopeful, half-despairing cry, "O God of the Salvation Army help me. Have mercy upon me, and I shall be Yours forever."

Did an Unseen Hand touch him there in the snow swirl, and a voice whisper in his ear the cheering words, "Courage, Up! and forward!" He knew not, but it seemed to him that there did. And with the thought courage returned to his heart, and, marvellous to tell, a new strength came into his stiffened limbs. He staggered to his feet, slowly and painfully enough, it is true; but still he could stand. And hope gathering strong in his breast began to move forward, whither he knew not, confident only



"Bent Their Energies to the Work of Teaching and Dealing With Those Poor Benighted Barbarians."

that the God whom he felt had come to his help in the hour of his extremity would guide his steps. And, What was that mighty shape which came rushing upon him out of the gathering gloom? A bear? No bear would have come out to face that storm. And no bear would have leaped upon him and caressed his face in such a friendly fashion. He caught a glimpse of a brass-bound collar around its neck and gave a shout of joy as he recognized the McKenzies' big St. Bernard—"the-dog-that-travels-in-storms"—whose aid he had once denounced in such scornful tones. But now it was the most welcome thing that could have come to him, being lost, as he was, in the furious tempest, with night coming on fast. Putting his arms around its neck, he cried in English, "Good dog! God Himself has sent you to me. Go ahead and lead me out of this storm and darkness." And the intelligent animal, as if understanding, turned about and began slowly and carefully to lead the way through the gathering darkness and the whirling snow.

PART III.

At McKenzie's cabin, the blizzard had been foreseen, the chores done, and the animals made secure for a several days' siege before it broke. And as the day wore on and the tempest increased in power, the good man and his faithful wife prayed earnestly that God would look down with pity upon all who might be exposed to the fury of that awful storm. Just as darkness began to fall Bruno, the St. Bernard, who had been sleeping quietly in front of the fire, roused himself, sniffed the air and listened intently for a few moments, and then sprang up with a short bark, and ran to the door, where he stood whining to be let out.

"Doon, Bruno, lad! What ails the tyke?" cried his master, in surprise. But his wife interrupted him with a quick gesture, as she cried in excited tones, "Donald, dinna scolt the beastie; I believe he kens o' some one lost i' the blizzard."

Her husband looked at the dog intently for a moment. "Ye're richt! 'Tis the instinct of the St. Bernard blood. Go, lad, and the Lord gie ye to save who'er it is," and, flinging open the door, he stood aside for the animal to pass.

With one mighty bound the splendid beast cleared the door and disappeared into the blinding swirl. His master noted carefully the direction the dog had taken, and then began to put on his fur cap and coat. But once more his wife stopped him. "Donald, ye maun no gang oot in that without something to guide ye back. Bide a minute, and we'll lash togither a' the pack-ropes, and make a line that ye can hark back by." And in a few minutes the two had fastened together and coiled a line fully 150 yards long, one end of which he fastened to the door. Throwing the coil over his shoulder the sturdy Scotchman strode out into the blizzard, uncoiling the rope as he went. He had reached the end of it without discovering anything, and, confused by the thickness of the swirl, began to doubt if he had kept the right direction. And so, standing still, he shouted at the top of his voice to attract the attention of his dog. Sure enough, the St. Bernard's deep-toned bark answered him from close by, and hurrying to the spot he encountered Nish-wish-tin stumbling painfully along behind the unerring animal.

A moment more and a strong hand was under the Indian's stiffened arm, and steady feet were guiding his faltering ones. There was no need of guide-line now; and so, with Bruno leading the way they reached the cabin. McKenzie opened the door, and Nish-wish-tin stumbled in, snowshoes and all, into the chair which the settler's wife had place for him.

"Keep back frae the fire, mon, till we see if ye're frozen," McKenzie cried, as the Indian sat down. "Ye're full welcome here, chief, but we must 'een take due precautions."

His guest ran his hands painfully over his limbs and feet, and then answered in grateful tones, and in perfect English: "No, sir, I am not frozen at all, though very much numbed and stiffened by my long exposure to the cold."

"Puir body; ye must 'een be," exclaimed Mrs. McKenzie, adding, as she poured and handed him a cup of hot tea, while her husband bent to unfasten the thongs of the visitor's snowshoes, "Here, drink this; 'twill help to warm ye." As Nish-wish-tin drank the steaming beverage the good lady continued, "'Twas certainly a maist wonderful mercy that ye were guided here before the storm o'erwhelmed ye."

"It was," answered the sub-chief very humbly, as he handed back the cup, and then turning to McKenzie, who had taken off the snowshoes, and rising to his feet, added: "White man, I have, as you know, fought and scoffed at your doctrine, and abused and persecuted those who followed it, but yonder in the tempest, in the last extremity of my need, when all other help had failed, I called upon the name of your God, and in His great mercy—for I have sinned much—He heard me and came to my aid, gave me strength to go forward, and sent your dog and you to lead me here, and I have promised to be His forever."

"Hallelujah! Glory to His name!" cried the Salvationist, fervently. And as he and his wife sank upon their knees the Indian followed; and there, in front of the cheerful fire-place, was held a wonderful Prayer Meeting. After much earnest supplication and faithful dealing, Nish-wish-tin at last rose to his feet, and there were tears in his eyes and a great light of victory in his face.

CONCLUSION.

It was on the third evening thereafter that, the blizzard having passed, the converted heathen returned to his village. The stars shone bright and clear overhead, and the swaying banners of the Northern Lights flashed brilliantly up towards the Zenith.

There was a murmur of surprise as the man whom they had supposed had been frozen to death in the

"During the Prayers Would Beat His 'Medicine Drum' and Sing the Uncanny Chant of the Ghost Dance."

storm strode into the clearing. And it was increased as he hurried across to Unoka's lodge, and held out his hand to the man whom he had so long opposed and persecuted. "Brother, I want to tell you I have found Jesus, and am His forever. He saved my life out in the blizzard when my totem charms and all my strength had failed me, as you said He would. He saved my soul as well, and has given me the first taste of real happiness that I have ever known. Will you, Unoka, forgive me for the many hard, cruel things I have said and done to you in the past?"

"Forgive you?" answered the other, his eyes filling with tears as he took the proffered hand, and gently drew his erstwhile enemy inside the lodge. "I have prayed for this many days, and, at last, God has brought it to pass. Let us give Him thanks now for His wonderful goodness and mercy."

"Yes," replied Nish-wish-tin, heartily. But as the two sank upon their knees a form darkened the way. "I have heard the words of Nish-wish-tin," faltered the voice of Inkisa, the head chief, "and the God who can do such mighty works, and can change men as this man has been changed is the God whom I want. Help me to find Him now, brothers," he added, as he knelt down beside them. And when the three rose at last to their feet, another Convert had been added to the ranks of the Salvation Army.

W. F. McALLISTER.

THE OTHER SIDE OF CHRISTMAS

BY COMMISSIONER BRENGLE

MILLIONS OF tiny pink toes in Europe and America will be peeping from under white nighties as little feet patter down stairs and through halls to stealthily peep into bulging stockings on Christmas morning; and many a cry of "Merry, Merry Christmas," will rouse Daddy to yawning and Mother to rubbing sleepy eyes after the late hours spent in putting finishing touches on the bespangled Christmas tree.

But a thousand millions of people in other dark lands will rouse themselves heavily from unrefreshing slumber and go stolidly to their daily toil, with no knowledge of the spiritual glory of the day.

Hundreds of millions of little children, each dear to the heart of God, each redeemed by the precious blood of the Savior, have never heard of the manger cradle among the lowly cattle, and the Guiding Star and sweet Babe of Bethlehem; and their little eyes will be dazzled by no glittering Christmas tree; their poor little hearts will rejoice over no Christmas gifts, and they will be gladdened by no Yuletide joys. They know nothing of God's great Gift of revealing, redeeming love in the Person of His dear Son.

Instead of Christmas delights, many a wee and tender lassie in China will be sold by impoverished parents into slavery and doomed to prostitution and life-long shame, and many a wee laddie will be driven to hard and unrequited toil, while hopeless fathers and mothers will bend wearily to endless tasks, the rewards for which barely suffice for daily unbuttered bread.

In India millions of little ones scarcely know what it is ever to be free from the call, and often the pangs, of hunger. Direct poverty, darkest ignorance, and cruelest brutality meet most of the thousand millions of Asia and Africa at birth and hold them in pitiless thrall until death.

And even in our own fair and prosperous land, with its hundreds of thousands of churches and its myriad agencies of benevolence and religious culture, there are multitudes pinched in poverty, and millions who scarcely know the name of Jesus except as they have heard in blasphemy, and to whom Christmas brings no cheer and has no sacred meaning.

Oh, the pity of it, and the shame, that after two thousand years the followers of Jesus, to whom He offers the resources of "all power in heaven and in earth," have made no larger conquest and taken possession of so small a portion of the earth in His name!

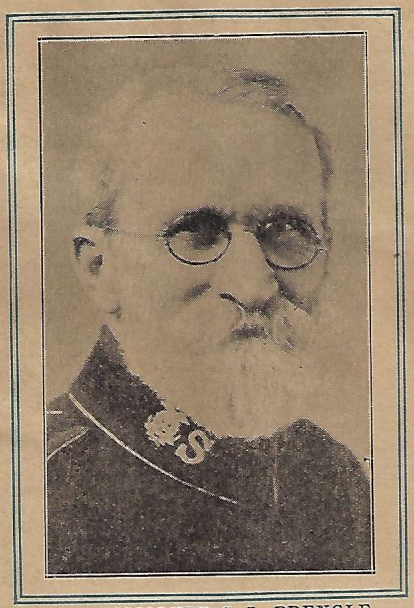
And why is this so?

It is due in part to the sloth, the inertia, the deadening weight of ignorance with which the heralds of the gospel must contend.

In part, it is due to the darkness and blindness that cannot comprehend the light, for it is true, still true, as in the days of the Son of Man, that "the light shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not."

But worse than the sloth, the inertia, the deadening weight of ignorance, worse than the darkness and blindness that incapacitate men from comprehending the light, is the sin of the heart, the depravity of nature, that makes men resist the light, for it is still true, everlastingly true, as Jesus said, that "men love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil."

The sin of the world, the love of sin, the preference for the pleasures of sin, the hatred and shrinking from the light that uncovers and reveals sin, these constitute the dominant, age-long, world-wide obstacle to the spread of the Gospel and the liberation of all men from the bitter thrall of poverty, the blindness of ignorance and the crushing guilt and penalties of sin.



COMMISSIONER S. L. BRENGLE

The great mass of men in all lands do not want "this Man" to rule over them; they do not hunger and thirst after righteousness; they do not pant after the living God as the little hunted deer of the desert pants after the water brooks.

But into this deadness, this darkness and indifference and sin, "into all the world," Jesus has bidden His friends go with light, with love, with power from on high, with the offer of eternal life to all who repent of sin and believe the good news of God's redeeming love in Christ.

But many who profess to be His friends give no heed whatever to His will. They want and expect Him to take them to His many mansioned homes in Heaven, but they make no adequate effort for special fitness for heaven. Apparently they recognize no debt of love to Him and they assume no responsibility to help Him win others from sin and bring them to Heaven. The thought seems never to enter their minds that they should be workers together with Him in winning men, in turning them from darkness to light and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins and inheritance among those that are sanctified by Faith in Him.

"They live for Self, for Self alone,
For Self and none beside,
Just as if Jesus never lived,
Just as if Jesus never died."

Yet others, who profess to be His friends, give a feeble, lukewarm assent to His command and put forth spasmodic efforts in gifts or service to help Him. But their efforts are largely provoked by some outward stimulus, some emotional appeal, or the example of others which for a moment challenges them.

Only a comparatively few of His friends are moved by a flaming love and loyalty to Him and a holy love and a holy fear and tender compassion for the souls of men. These gladly give their best gifts and post over land and sea, not counting their lives dear unto themselves, if only they may win men from sin and hell and bind them to Him in unwavering faith and the glad and supreme loyalty of love.

In all candor and seriousness, my brother, my sister, decide to which class of His friends you now belong, and if you find there is aught you have been withholding from the dear Master who calls you "friend," on this glad day of giving and receiving, give all to Him, give till you have the assurance that you have given and He has received and accepted the gift, and you will find it "more blessed to give than to receive." Hallelujah!

THE CHRISTMAS BASKET

I'm only a kid,
An' we ain't had nothin' to eat,
For most two days,
An' ma, she's sick,
The bestes ma, what's mighty sweet,
But dere she lays.

My pa, he's gone,
Got lost, I guess, des many years,
Wid ma an' Bill
An' me—waitin',
An' ma, a-sheddin' dem big tears,
An' lying still.

Ole Santa Klaus
Must er forgot to pass dis way,
So what's de use.
I'm praying God,
Remember ma, for dad's away,
Dats my excuse.

Someone's knockin'
Say Bill, hully gee, look who's here,
Salvationist
Wid er basket
Chock full ob eats, Bill, God did hear,
He never missed.

Written especially for the Chicago Christmas War Cry by John De Witt.

Have You Made a Will?

May we suggest that if you have not done so, it is important you should.

May we also suggest that by naming the Salvation Army for a legacy, you can, in addition to aiding its work while you are with us—and we hope you may long continue in health and strength—help provide for its perpetuation and extension after you have gone?

The following form of bequest may be used. Any information or advice will be gladly furnished on application, direct or through legal advisers, to Commissioner John McMillan, 719 N. State Street, Chicago.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give, devise and bequeath unto the Salvation Army, a Corporation under the laws of the State of Illinois, $..... or ..... property, absolutely for the use and purposes of said Religious and Charitable Corporation in support of its religious and charitable work.

(If it is desired that money be used for any particular branch of work, it should be here stated.)

Signed .....

All checks should be made payable to the Salvation Army.

By the Editor-In-Chief

THE WAR CRY wishes its readers a very happy Christmas, and hopes that the contents of its Christmas number will give pleasureable reading, and inspire them to deeds that will be in harmony with the spirit of our blessed Lord, whose advent into the world for the redemption of mankind we celebrate this Christmas-tide. The word Christmas—so some writers say—comes, as might be guessed, from Christ and the "mas" from the Latin "mossa" to send. It commemorates the time when God sent His only begotten Son into the world to transform the world, and that the world through the Holy Child Jesus, might be saved. The spirit of Christmas does indeed represent giving. God gave His Son on Christmas Day; the Wise Men gave gifts; and ever since then the Christmas season has been recognized as one of gift-giving. The true spirit of Christmas, however, does not prompt gifts to those who have, but to those who have not. Our front page picture symbolizes the giving which calls forth the commendation of Christ—the taking of the poor stranger into our homes and sharing with him or her our happiness and good cheer. The true secret of a happy Christmas is to make others happy.

* * *

LIEUT-COMMISSIONER AND MRS. McMILLAN

SHORTLY AFTER this special number is in the hands of its readers, the new leaders of the Central Territory will be in our midst. Lieut.-Commissioner McMillan was born in Canada, so he has been familiar with a white Christmas from the days of his childhood; but Mrs. McMillan was born in Australia where snow is a very rare visitant, and where Christmas-tide comes at midsummer when the sun shines, the flowers bloom, the bees hum and the birds bring forth their young. The very first Christmas that Mrs. McMillan and her two daughters spent in the northern hemisphere was that of 1916. It was a regular Canadian "snifter," but they liked it and wrote to their friends in Australia and said that it was just like they had read about in books from England and America. Well, it is now 1926 and they have been in the north ever since so they now know what a white Christmas is like. This will be their first Christmas in the dear old U. S. A., and we hope it will be for them a very happy one, don't we? If you do, send them a Christmas card and tell them so. God bless them!

* * *

THE COMMANDER—GOD BLESS HER!

I WANT the readers to turn to pages 9 and 10 where they will find the Commander's Christmas contribution to our special number. But before I comment on that glorious article, may I remind my readers that Christmas day is the birthday of our greatly beloved leader, and I am sure that War Cry readers not only desire for her a very merry Christmas, but also many, very many, happy returns of her natal day. You will remember that this has been a very anxious year for the Commander from a health point. In fact, Colonel Jenkins, in a message to the Cry last January concerning the Commander's health, referred to her fall and to an acute attack of appendicitis as "quite precluding the possibility of her participation in the joyful exercises of the Christmas season." I am sure we all hope that it will be different this Christmas. These comments, owing to printing and publishing exigencies, are written during the middle of October, and, at the time of writing, the Commander, considering what she has been through, is in a most gratifying state of health. She has had a truly marvelous recovery, for which let us give thanks to Almighty God. And now we must continue our prayers that God may *preserve* her health, give her a very joyful Christmas and a very happy birthday—and, as her coster admirers in London would say, "Many of 'em."

* * *

THE COMMANDER'S CONTRIBUTION

WELL, NOW to the Commander's article. To begin with, a more seasonable or exalted theme could not have been chosen, nor a matter more in harmony with the spirit and purposes of the Army. And its treatment is worthy of the theme—perhaps commendation can go no higher than that. As one reads of the great names of history and what they stand for, the spirit is carried onward by the sweeping passages as to the sounds of a martial trumpet. When one reads of the manner of Christ's reception by the people of his own times, and His treatment by the world of today, one's mind is abundantly satisfied by the logic of the writer's reasoning. But when one reads of the effect that the name has on the heart in all the varying conditions of human existence, one's feelings are melted by the tenderness of the phrasing, the beauty of the imagery and the deep spiritual significance of the thought. Reader, I ask you to commence the perusal of this noble contribution to spiritual literature. If you begin it, I have no fear but that you will conclude it.

* * *

MANKIND ANNO DOMINI 1

ONE PASSAGE in the Commander's article struck me very forcibly with the comprehensiveness of its scope and the force of its truth. This is it:

"Wherever this name has traveled it has abolished the inhuman practices of heathen worship. It has broken the chords that bound the girl-widow to the funeral pyre. It has delivered little children from yawning-mouthed crocodiles. It has penetrated the black pall of superstition and swept the midnight sky of heathendom with a blaze which all the powers of sin and hell can never extinguish."

It will perhaps help us to realize more clearly what has been done through the power of that great name if we take a glance at the customs that prevailed in and around Palestine at the time of the first Christmas. Child life generally had a hard time before Christ placed His hand upon their heads and blessed them. The slaughter of the innocents is evidence of the low value attached to babe-life. Could we conceive of an American State Governor slaying all children under two years of age? It is unthinkable. But Herod, a Roman Governor, did it. Lycurgus reputed to be the wisest of the ancient lawgivers made the Spartan law that as soon as a boy was born he was visited by the elders of the tribe and if weakly was taken to a lonely place and left to die. Baby girls generally were not desired. One of Rome's most distinguished authors after making a great oration on humanity became infuriated with his wife because she refused to destroy an infant daughter with her own hand. To the Goddess Diana, an annual festival was held when the young children were assembled on the marble steps of her temple and whipped until the red blood stained the white marble. Plutarch, the historian, states that with his own eyes he had seen a great many children lose their lives at this horrible festival. The position of women under paganism was horrible in the extreme, while man's inhumanity to man was dreadful. It is estimated that more than half of the population of the greater cities at the time of Christ's birth were slaves of so little worth that no legislation was made for their benefit. A Roman law enacted a penalty of death for him who killed a ploughing ox, but the murderer of a slave was called to no account whatever. So little was human life regarded that one Roman leader crucified 10,000 slaves at one time. Some of the gladiatorial contests were scenes of unspeakable horrors. The Emperor Nero disgraced himself and human nature by turning his gardens into a circus for the persecution of Christians, and humanity shudders to hear that for the amusement of the Roman crowds Christians were enclosed in the skins of beasts so that they might be torn to pieces by dogs. He had them covered with pitch in order to act as torches to lighten these tragic scenes. This then was the nature, and these were the practices, of mankind when the angels sang of peace on earth and good will toward men.

* * *

CHRISTMAS BEFORE CHRIST

IT IS wonderful what a transformation has been made in the thoughts and customs of men by the birth of Christ. In the northern countries of the world the days of December are short, cold and sunless, and in the early days of history primitive men went hungry. But it was noticed there was a definite time when the days lengthened and the long grim nights grew shorter. This was the time of the winter solstice in December, when the sun turns its apparent course among the stars, and seems to return with radiant, life-giving heat. All over the known world people watched for the moment of transition, and welcomed it in various ways. The Jews, on what is now December 25, held the Festival of Lights. Every house, hut or tent blazed with torches or lamps, these were meant to symbolize and welcome the renewal of heat and light from the returning sun. The Egyptians celebrated the same season and chose for their symbol a new-born child. In the remote north and west, the bearded northmen built great fires in their forests, drank capacious horns of ale, clashed their weapons and called upon their barbaric gods. Among the ancient Britons, the Druids carried out mysterious ceremonies in connection with the cutting of the sacred mistletoe, and in France frantic figures of Druidesses waved torches and shrieked out cabalistic words. This heathen Christmas before Christ, kept by skinclad savages of volcanic passions, was indeed a fearful time. Then the ancient Romans, from the 19th of December to the early part of January, gave themselves to horrible revelry known as saturnalia. On the 19th of December, before Saturn's temple, a priest cried out, "Saturnalia, Io, Saturnalia," which was taken up by all and horrible and widespread debauchery began.

* * *

CHRISTMAS AFTER CHRIST

WHEN CHRISTIANITY first made its influence felt over the heathen world it took these heathen rites and ceremonies, and consecrated them to its own beneficent and noble ends. It has been said that the old festival of the winter solstice had been meant to mark the beginning of a new life for the material; it was now to mark and glorify a new life of the spirit. Common to all countries were candles, bonfires and torches, now symbolizing the Light of the World. From the northmen comes the Yule log; from the Druids, the sprays of evergreen pine, mistletoe and holly; while the English sirloin of beef recalls the Druidical sacrifices of bulls. From the Roman "Io Saturnalia" comes the joyous salutation "Merry Christmas," and from the hymns to heathen deities our Christmas carols. If these things be so what a glorious conversion, and how illustrative of the change in the heart of man is the transformation of the Christmas before Christ into the Christmas which is Christ's. The superstition of the Egyptians, the savagery of the northern peoples, the frantic and bloody practices of the Druids, and the grossness of the Romans have all been touched and purified as it were with grace and beauty.

Little Winnie and Ragged Jimmy

A Christmas Story for the Children.

1 WINNIE THE CAPTAINS LITTLE DAUGHTER WAS WALKING HOME FROM SCHOOL A FEW DAYS BEFORE CHRISTMAS WHEN SOME WELL DRESSED BUT RUDE BOYS PELTED HER WITH SNOWBALLS

2 WINNIE DID NOT LIKE IT AND BEGAN TO CRY, THEN A RAGGED LITTLE FELLOW BECAME HER CHAMPION AND DROVE THE RUDE BOYS AWAY

3 THIS GREATLY CHEERED THE LITTLE MAIDEN SO SHE SAID TO RAGGED JIMMY-"YOU ARE A NICE BOY-WHERE DO YOU LIVE?" HE TOLD HER IT WAS IN A POOR PART OF THE TOWN

4 WINNIE REMEMBERED HIM AND WHEN THE CHRISTMAS TREE AND GIFTS TOOK PLACE AT THE JUNIORS SHE WENT TO HIS HOME AND —

5 TOOK HIM TO THE ARMY HALL

6 IT WAS A LOVELY TIME, AND JIM GOT A BEAUTIFUL SLEIGH AND A PAIR OF MITTS HE THOUGHT THE ARMY PEOPLE WERE "SWELL" AND WAS GLAD HE STUCK UP FOR THEM — HE HOPES TO JOIN THE ARMY SOME DAY.

THE COMFORTER

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JESUS AND HIS MOTHER

"And she shall bring forth a Son and thou shalt call His name Jesus; for He shall save His people from their sins."—*Matt. 1-21*

See pages 9 and 10